

P.
D.
C.

DYNAMIC COMICS

★★★★★

NO. 20

10¢

HARRY 'A' CHESLER JR.
WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BOYS! IT WAS EASY AND FUN, MAKING A TELEPHONE, RADIO, SECRET DETECTAPHONE, AMPLIFIER, BROADCAST THRU MY RADIO- AND MANY OTHER THINGS!

ELECTRIC MICROPHONE TRANSMITTER BUTTON



EASILY CONCEALED WIZARD N-S BUTTON DOES OVER 100 USEFUL THINGS!

An electrical instrument that you can use to BROADCAST THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO. Talk, sing, act. Put on your own radio show. Fun at parties. Inject wisecracks. Use it as a DETECTAPHONE. Overhear conversations, noises, music, etc. from another room or another building. Easily concealed in vase, behind picture, etc. Use it as ELECTRIC TELEPHONE. Connected to earphone it is used as a telephone. DO MIND READING, MAGICAL TRICKS, SPIRIT PHENOMENA, etc. Fine for the ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTER and INVENTOR. Simple to operate. Average boy of 13 can do it. Complete with illustrated booklet which describes and illustrates the many uses. When used with radio, microphone button is sufficient. When used as a detectaphone or telephone, earphone is required. Two buttons required for two-way telephone conversation. MICROPHONE TRANSMITTER BUTTON, Price Postpaid..... 50c
S Buttons for \$1.25; B for \$2.00



Perform Tricks with **LIVE WHITE MICE** FRIENDLY PETS - DO STUNTS

Aren't They Cute! Amazing, Amusing
Tame and friendly, easy-to-keep live white mice. Train them. Breed and sell them. Do wonderful pocket and parlor magic tricks that are a tremendous hit. Riots of fun as a practical joke in cigar package, candy box, out-of-pocket, purse, etc. Conduct psychological tests and scientific experiments. In hundred ways you'll find them amusing and fascinating. Live and healthy. Same as those used in hospitals. Shipped by Express. Not Prepaid. Two Mice in Cage. All for Only **\$1.25**
Illustrated book tells how to keep, feed and train; designs for cages and show cases; tests and experiments; magical stunts and jokes with live mice; hypnotizing the mouse; pocket mouse trick; color changing mouse; obedient mouse; domesticated pets, etc., etc. Price..... **10c**



TALK SING PLAY



RADIO MIKE

THRU YOUR RADIO

BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your radio set. Make announcements from any part of the house. Inject wise cracks, jokes and mystify friends. Play music, make announcements, and practice singing over radio. **ELECTRIC RADIO MIKE** made for home use, attached to any radio in a jiffy. Not a toy. Put on your own program at home, parties, club affair, etc. Barrels of fun. Metal construction, about 5 inches high. Postpaid..... **\$1.50**



Mysterious Running Mouse

Almost alive! The little mouse runs from one hand to other, climbs up glass, turns around and goes up sleeve, etc. No mechanism whatever. Price..... **15c**



Magnetic 'Live' PUPS
Magnetic Fun-Loving Scotty Dogs are a nation wide sensation. Put one Scotty behind the other and watch them spin. They twist, move, kiss in a fascinating, amusing manner, motivated by powerful Alnico magnets. No motor, no springs. These powerful magnets make them perform many stunts. Per Set of Two. Postpaid..... **35c**



BIG ENTERTAINER
320 Jokes & Riddles, 23 Tricks, 10 Parlor Games, 73 Toasts, 13 Stories, 105 Money Making Secrets, 22 Monologues, 21 Puzzles, Problems, Comic Recitations, Funny Readings, 10 Parlor Pastimes, 13 Flirtations, 1000 Names & Their Meanings, 10 Picture Puzzles, 37 Amusing Experiments, Best and Dumb Alphabet, Shadowgraphy, Fortune Teller, Fortunes with Cards, Crystal, Tea Cup, etc., Hypnotism, Ventriloquism, Cut-outs for Checkers, Chess, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, 9 Men Morris, Anagrams, 25 Tricks, Crystal Gazing, etc. One Big Volume..... **15c**

STAGE MONEY
With a bunch of these bills, it is easy for a person of limited means to appear prosperous by passing a roll of these bills at the proper time and peeling off a genuine bill or two from the outside of the roll. The effect created will be found to be all that can be desired. Price..... **40c**

WONDERFUL X-RAY 10c
GREAT CURIOSITY! With it you can apparently see the bones in the fingers, lead in a pencil, even the teeth seem transparent. Ready for use. Price Each..... **10c**

250 Tricks 125 Card Tricks
Contains wonderful tricks with cards, coins, cigarettes, eggs, glasses, rings, etc., etc. Simple to perform, yet baffling. Ill. **10c**
Contains tricks and card deceptions used by magicians and card sharp-ers. Describes how gamblers cheat and win. **25c**

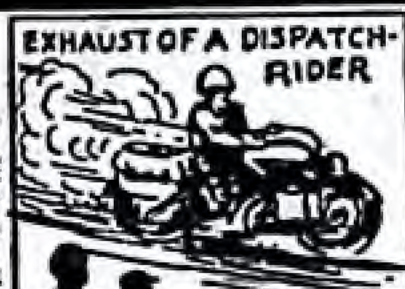


JOHNSON SMITH CO., DEPT. 185, DETROIT 7, MICH.

Biko-Motor Roars Like a Motorcycle



Dummy Motor Gives Bike Looks and Noise of a Motorcycle
Say, Boys, here is a NEW THRILL for you! The Looks, the Roar and some of the THRILL of the motorcycle. It is not a motor, but it looks like one. Special sound device goes with it that gives your bike the roar of a twin-engine motorcycle. Amplifying board picks up sound and gives it mighty roar. Double noise-maker gives it the "twin-engine" effect. The faster you go, the louder the roar. Go slowly and you hear a steady "put-put," at normal speed is a steady roar, go fast and it becomes a mighty roar. Price..... **50c**



Add a Motor to Your Bike 1 and 2 Passenger Midget Autos
MIDGET RACER
Complete diagrams for 3 different racers. The one illustrated can be built very cheaply. All about racer parts, gears, transmissions, dirt track racers, track regulations, diagrams, plans. Also tells how to build a Bicycle Motor, etc. FUN TO BUILD. Cramped & jammed full of information. **75 Illustrations. PRICE 25c**

BOY ELECTRICIAN Tells how to make batteries, dynamos, motors, radios, telegraph apparatus, telephones, lights, electric bells, alarms, coils, electric engine, etc. **64 Pages. 100 Illustrations. Price Postpaid..... 10c**

LEARN VENTRILOQUISM AND APPARENTLY THROW YOUR VOICE! 10c
Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policeman or friends. **THE VENTRILO** A little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Also known as double throat. Complete book with full course on Ventriloquism together with the Ventrilo. PRICE POSTPAID ONLY..... **10c**

COLORFUL SWEATER EMBLEMS
Colorful full size felt emblems for Jacket, sweater, wall, etc. Sew for teams and clubs. State Design. **15c Each; 3 For 40c**



FENCING SET Have Fun Dueling
Learn to fence! Fight with swords (foils). Teaches you the art of self defense same as in boxing. Set consists of 2 steel foils (swords) 3 feet in length with an aluminum guard and complete instructions on how to fence. Teaches you to think and act quickly. Plenty of fun with this sport—be the champ swordsman! Foils equipped with hand guard and rubber tip. Sensationally low priced. Set of 2 Foils and Instructions. Price..... **\$1.98**

JOHNSON SMITH CO., DEPT. 185, DETROIT 7, MICH.

TELEPHONES 25c

PAIR
No Batteries
Here is a set of phones which carry the voice clearly for distances from 50 to 100 feet, yet they sell for only 25c a pair! Uses no battery or electricity—just the one connection. Set of 2 phones (each is speaker and receiver) and transmission cord. **25c**
Price Postpaid..... **25c**

Learn to DANCE

OVER 100 ILLUSTRATIONS
Kiss, Swing Dances
LATEST STEPS Be popular. Good dancers are always popular. Learn the latest steps, come them eagerly. The newest, smartest steps without a teacher. Don't make excuses when the music starts. Get lots of fun from your dancing. If you want to become a good dancer, learn to dance at home this modern way. **BOOK TELLS** how to develop poise & control, improve your dance steps, art of holding, how to walk to music, how to lead, latest latest steps: Natural and Reverse Turns, the Reverse Turn, the Quick Turn, the Waltz, the Backward Waltz, the Charleston, the famous Kiss Dance, the Manhattan, the College Rumba, the Tango, Charleston, etc. **25c**
Price Postpaid..... **25c**

Send 25c for special Swing Dance Book, Sizzle-Q, Big Apple, Peckin', Truckin', Shag, Posin', Shine, Swingin', Hula Dance, etc.

JU-JITSU DON'T BE BULLIED 30c

PROTECT YOURSELF
The Japanese art of self-defense. New methods of attack and defense are given. Illustrated so you can hardly fail to understand them. Deals fully with trips, throws, wrist locks, body holds, defense against a knife, a revolver, a stick, a club, a scissor, a knife, a handkerchief, a man down, double knee throw, attack attack, defense against knife, one hand throat grip, defense against two assailants, stomach throw, secret thumb knockout, nerve pinches, and numerous others. Learn to protect yourself under all circumstances with nature's weapons. Learn from this book in the privacy of your own home. Price..... **30c**

How to Wrestle, Price..... **25c**
How to Box, Price Only..... **10c**

100 POWER TELESCOPE

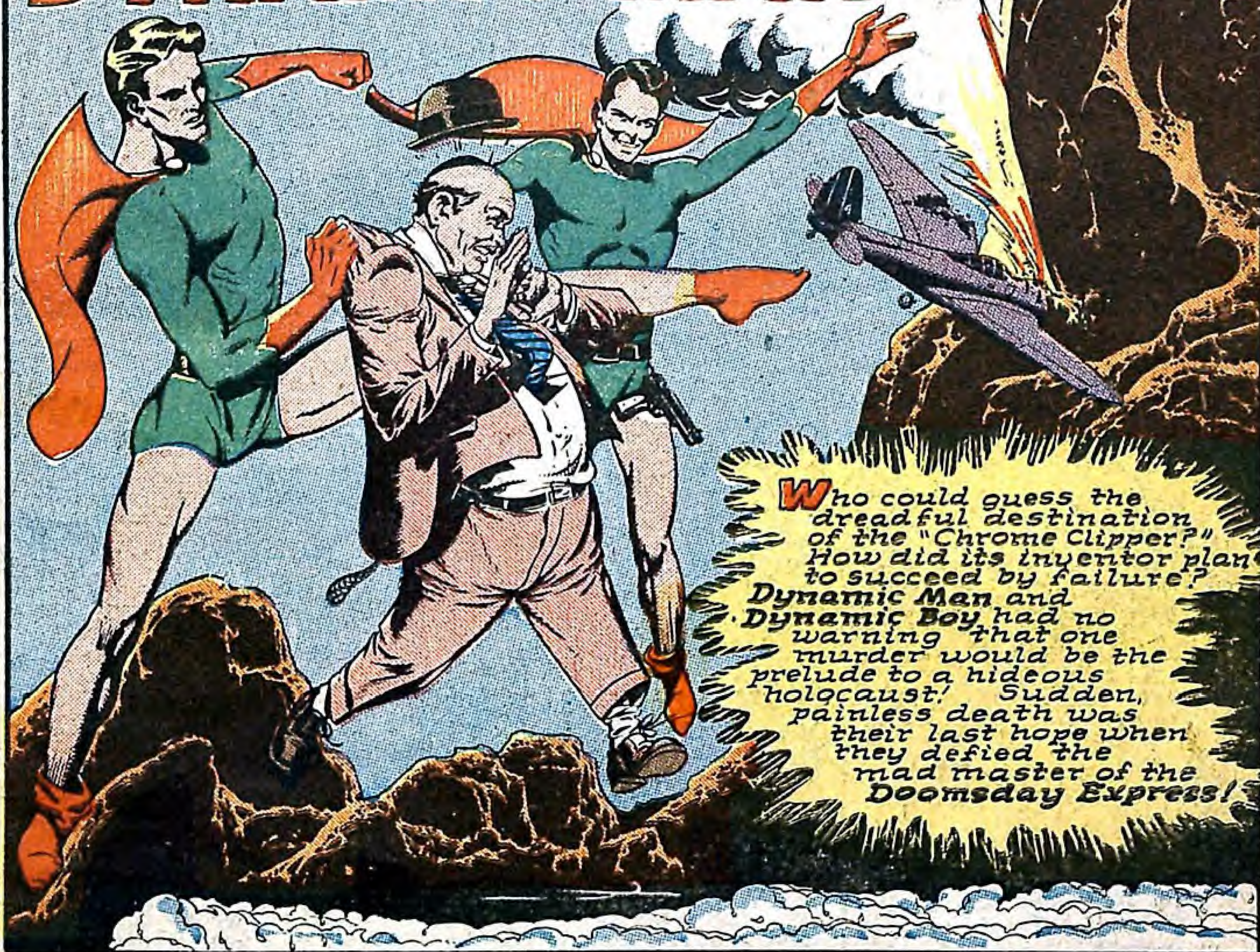
Plus 4 Star Maps & Guide
Magnifies 100 times! Get the thrill of examining craters on the moon, rings of saturn, planets, stars, etc. Everything seems 100 times nearer. Complete plans and step-by-step instructions for building real astronomical telescope for a few dollars by average boy with ordinary tools. Book form with 4 star maps and star guide. **10c**
Price..... **10c**



1947 Catalog
☐ 5c Regular Edition
☐ 15c Bound Edition
(Ready About July, 1946)
COMING! MAMMOTH NEW CATALOG
Yes, folks, it will soon be here. 1947 MAMMOTH CATALOG now being prepared. Over 500 pages, 3000 illustrations, 7000 novelties, radios, cameras, unusual books, seeds, animals, jokes, magic, sports, music items, jewelry, hobbies, knives, mystic, bike and auto items, make-up, fortune tellers and things from U. S. A., Europe, Asia, Africa. Application accepted now for delivery this summer (about July 1946). Specify 1947 catalog. Regular Edition, 5c. Deluxe Hard Bound Edition, 15c.
You will receive your copy as soon as available. (About July, 1946). Limited edition: one copy per person.
IMPORTANT: Sorry, no other catalogs available at this time.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., DEPT. 185, DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN

DYNAMIC MAN

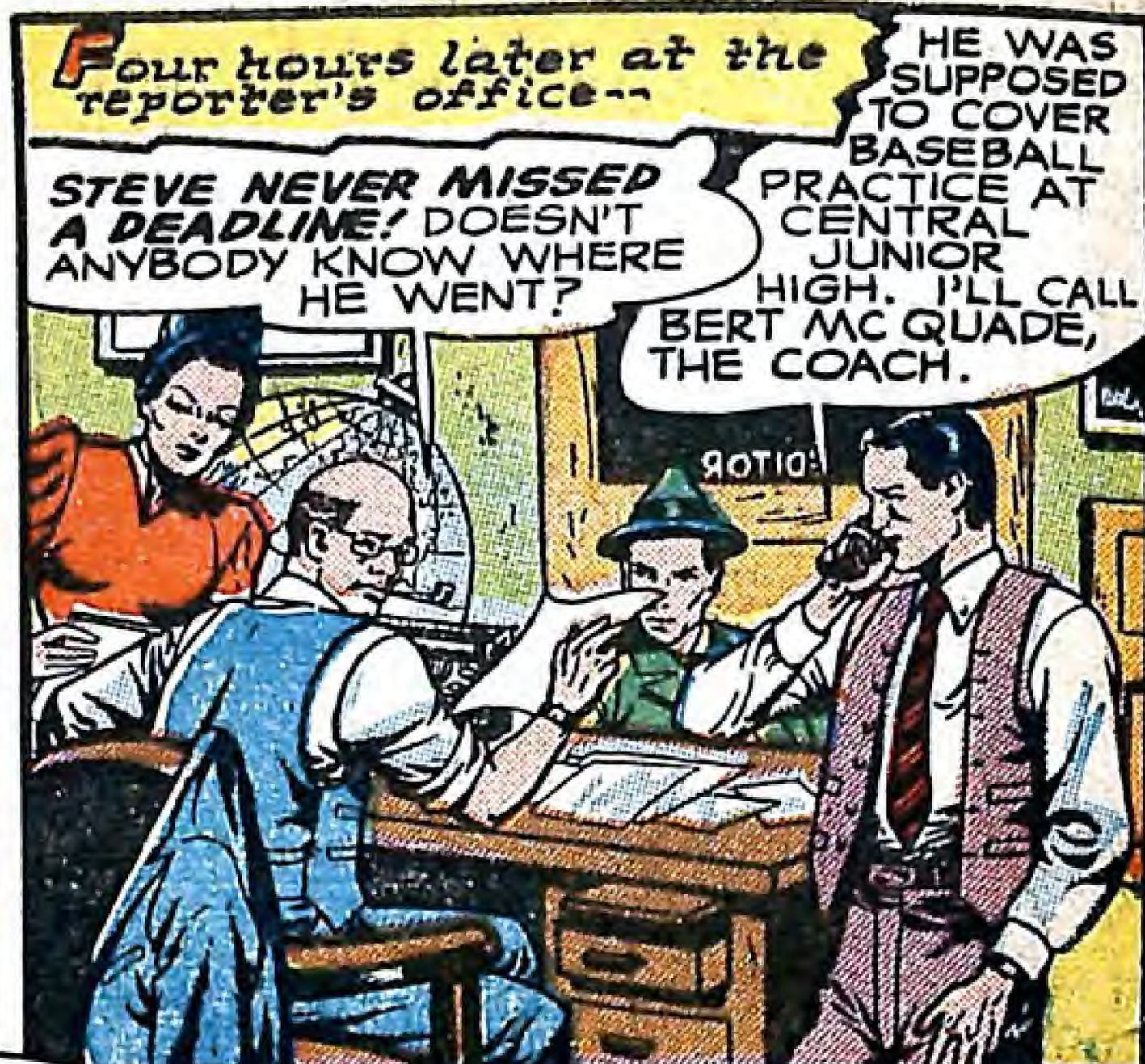


CARLDO & RUBIN



A REPORTER FROM "THE STAR" BURY HIM, LIN, THEN FIND HIS CAR AND DITCH IT ACROSS THE RIVER!

WE'LL BE IN A JAM IF HE WAS SENT HERE, DOC!



Four hours later at the reporter's office--

STEVE NEVER MISSED A DEADLINE! DOESN'T ANYBODY KNOW WHERE HE WENT?

HE WAS SUPPOSED TO COVER BASEBALL PRACTICE AT CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH. I'LL CALL BERT MC QUADE, THE COACH.

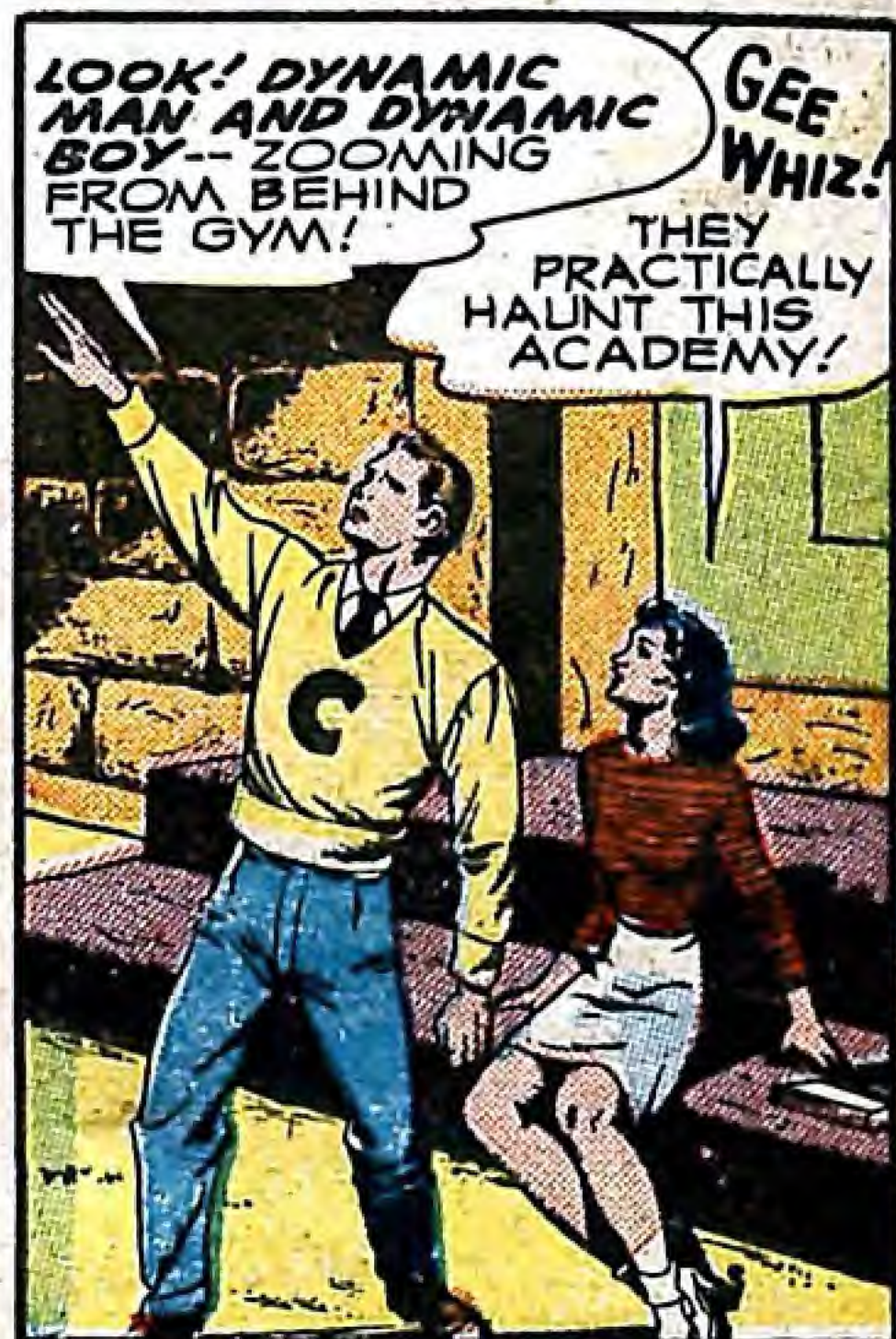


NO, STACY. STEVE WANTED ME TO GO ALONG WITH HIM BUT HE DIDN'T SAY WHERE.



QUICK, RICKY! LOCK THE GYM DOORS! MAKE SURE EVERYONE IS OUT!

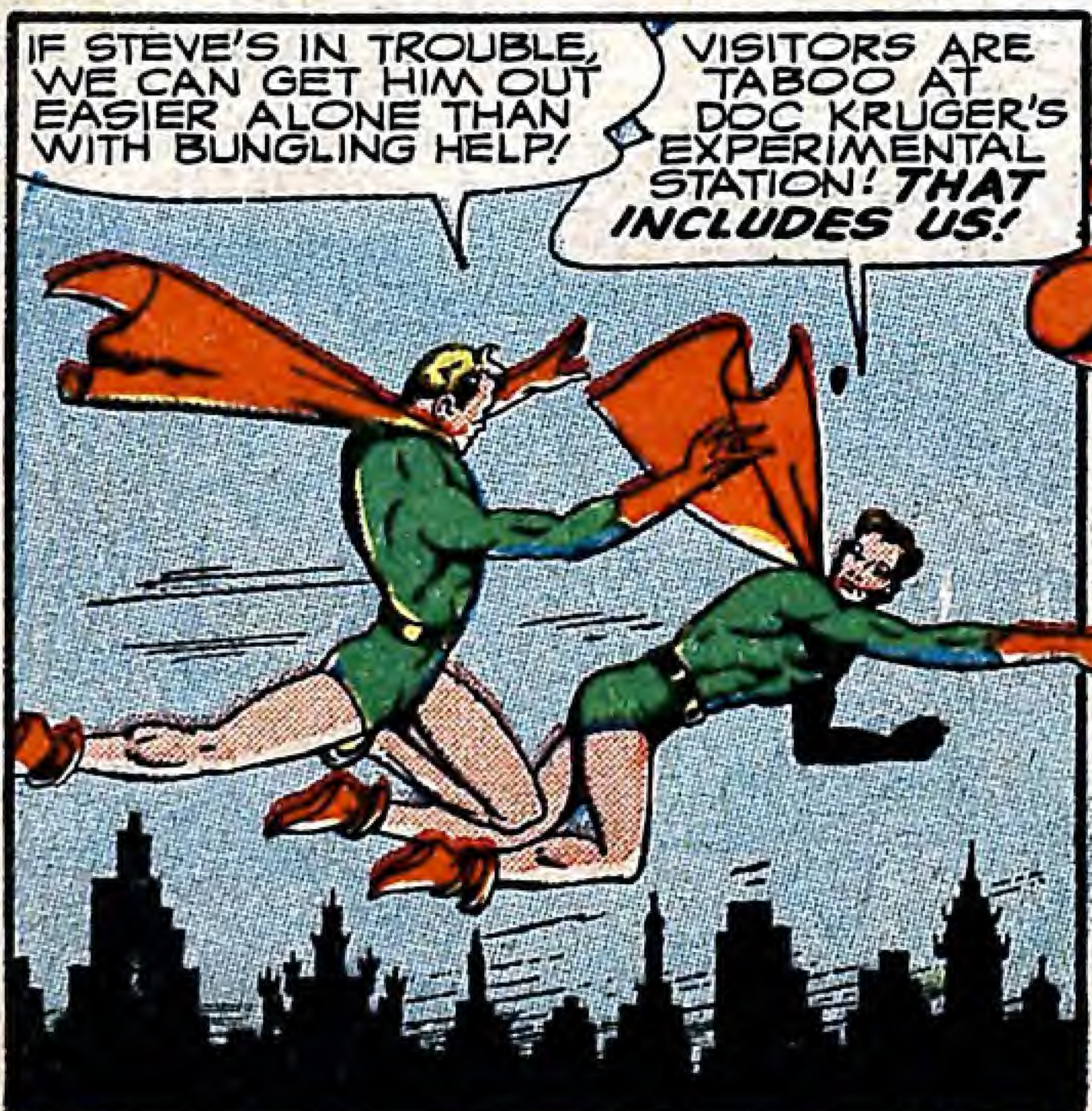
RIGHT, COACH! CHANGING TO OUR DYNAMIC UNIFORMS, I'LL BET!



LOOK! DYNAMIC MAN AND DYNAMIC BOY-- ZOOMING FROM BEHIND THE GYM!

GEE WHIZ!

THEY PRACTICALLY HAUNT THIS ACADEMY!



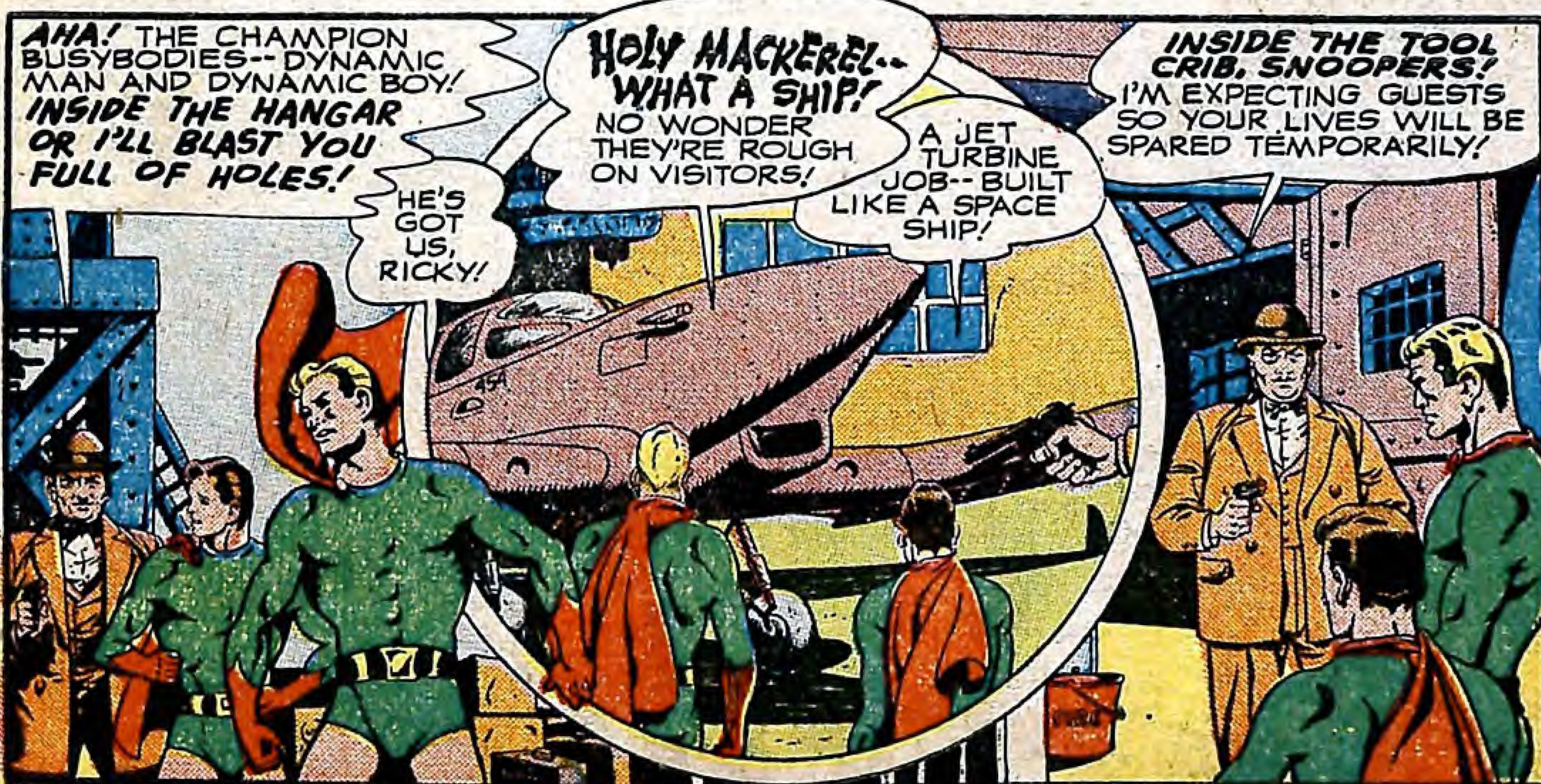
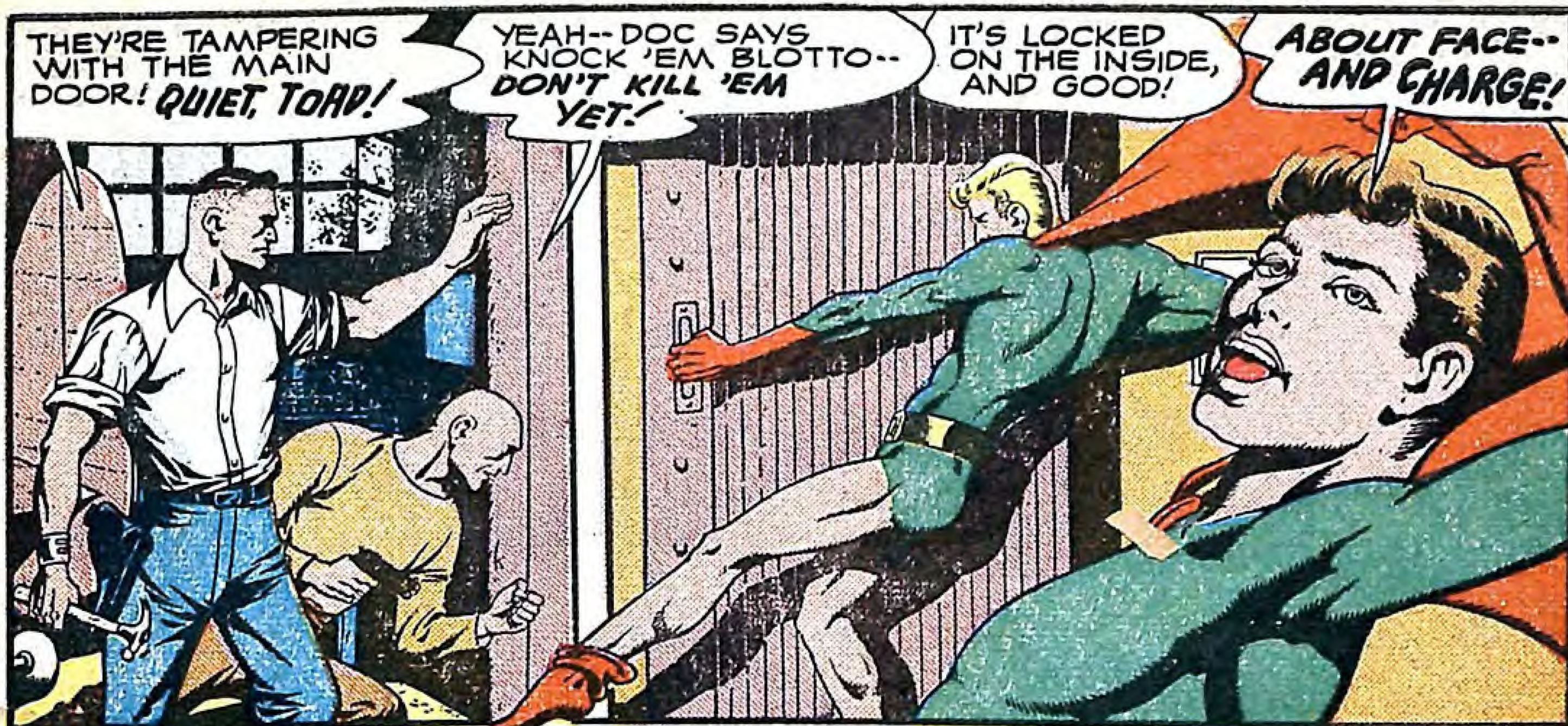
IF STEVE'S IN TROUBLE, WE CAN GET HIM OUT EASIER ALONE THAN WITH BUNGLING HELP!

VISITORS ARE TABOO AT DOC KRUGER'S EXPERIMENTAL STATION! THAT INCLUDES US!



OPEN TERRAIN. NO COVER. HEAD DIRECTLY FOR THE HANGAR!

CHECK! NOTHING BEATS SURPRISE!





WE'VE GOT TO PLAY A WAITING GAME, RICKY, UNTIL KRUGER'S GUESTS ARRIVE!

THIS CELL IS SOLID! IF WE GET OUT ALIVE, I'LL HAVE TO PINCH MYSELF!



A distinguished group of scientists arrive--

THAT MONEY WE ADVANCED KRUGER IS GOING TO PAY US. **BIG DIVIDENDS!**

OR PROVE A TOTAL LOSS! I HAVE DOUBTS THAT HE PUT THE SHIP THROUGH A SUCCESSFUL TEST FLIGHT!



I KEPT MY PROMISE, GENTLEMEN! HERE ARE CERTIFIED CHECKS FOR **TRIPLE** THE AMOUNT YOU LOANED ME!

KRUGER, YOU'RE A GENIUS!



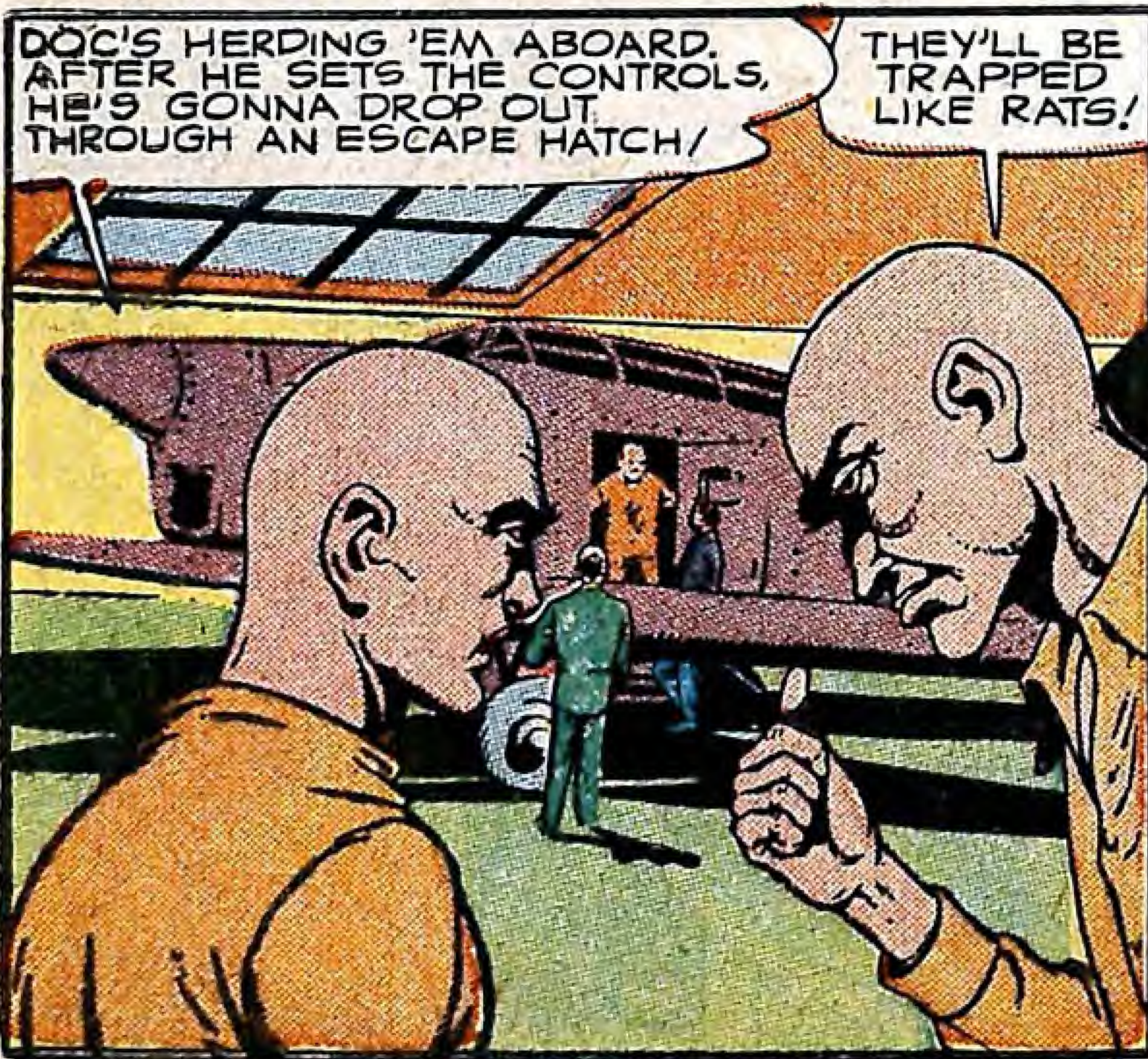
THEY'RE SWAPPING HIS I.O.U.'S FOR THE CHECKS, BUT I'VE A HUNCH THEY'LL **NEVER LIVE TO CASH THEM!**

SHUT UP, YOU! IF YOU SHOUT TO WARN THEM, WE'LL TORTURE YOU UNTIL YOU BEG US TO KILL YOU!



GUESS AGAIN, GUY! TURN THE KEY IN THE LOCK OR THIS PIANO WIRE WILL CUT YOUR WINDPIPE!

YEAH--AH!



DOC'S HERDING 'EM ABOARD. AFTER HE SETS THE CONTROLS, HE'S GONNA DROP OUT THROUGH AN ESCAPE HATCH!

THEY'LL BE TRAPPED LIKE RATS!



IF THE JET ENGINE FAILS, WE HAVE NO 'CHUTES OR LIFE RAFTS!

YOU WON'T NEED THEM, GENTLEMEN! TO LONDON AND BACK WILL TAKE ONLY THREE HOURS!

As the huge aircraft moves with thundering exhaust from its jet engine, no one sees Kruger's escape --

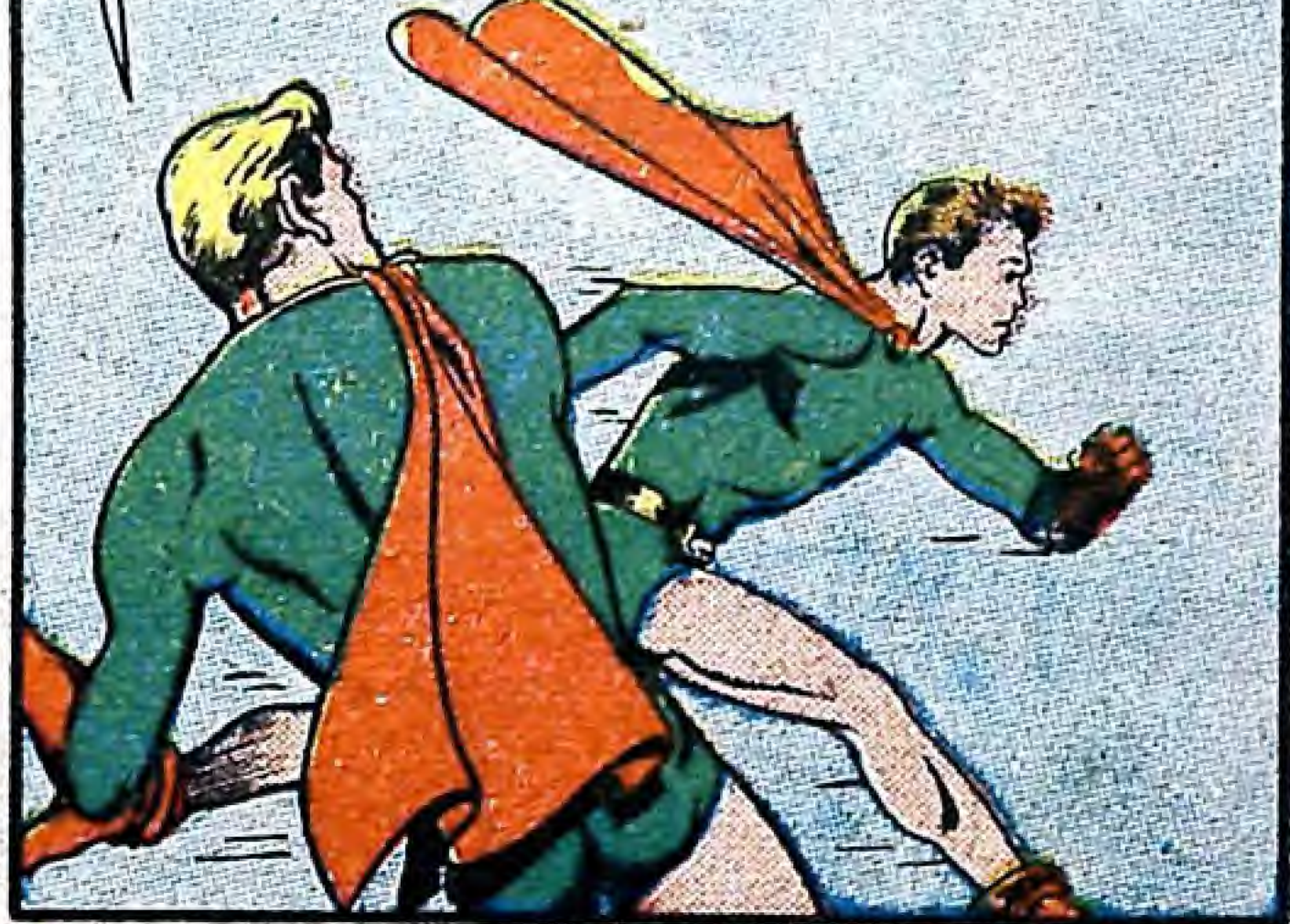
GRAB SOMETHING! THROW SOMETHING!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP
THIS TAKEOFF!



BULLSEYE! IT CAN'T
GET INTO THE AIR NOW!
I'LL CHASE IT DOWN
THE FIELD!



I'LL BE WITH YOU
SOON AS I FINISH
OFF THESE THUGS!



WHEN I REACH
THE ROOF, YOU
GENTS WILL HEAD
FOR THE FLOOR!



HELP!
GRAB US!
WE'LL BE
KILLED!

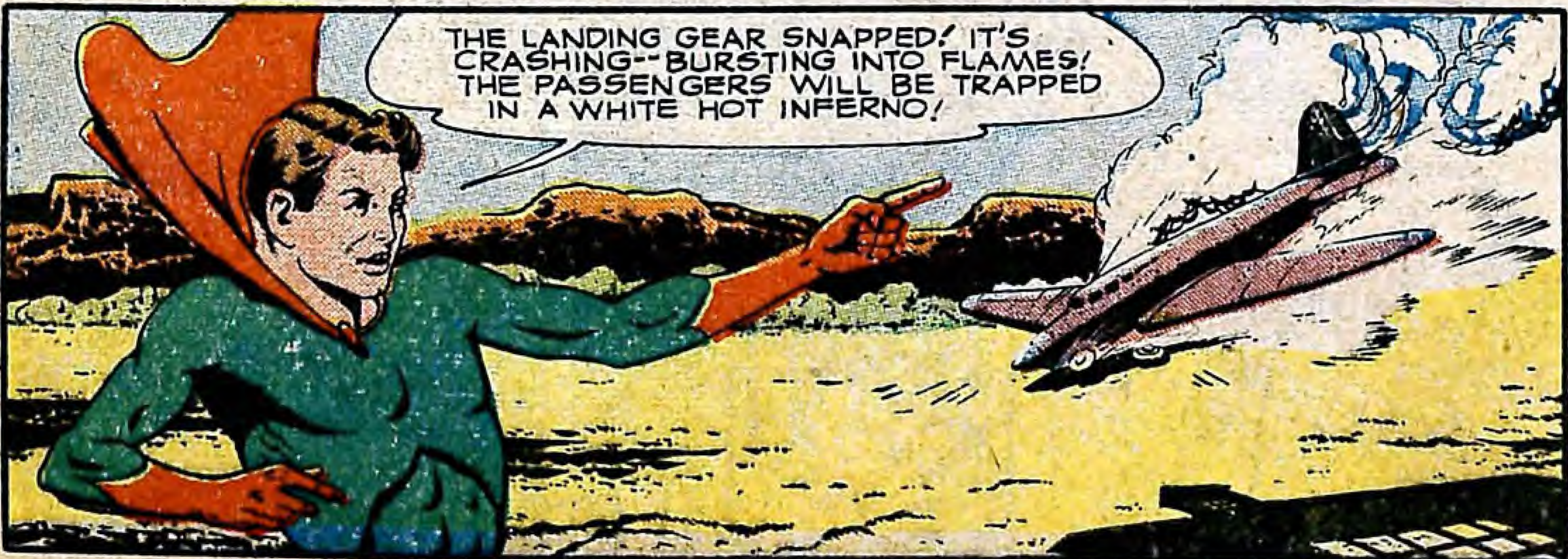


YOU
DESERVE
IT!
HAPPY
LANDING!

SO-- YOU DUCKED OUT
FROM THE MURDER
CRUISE, EH, DOC? I'LL
COME BACK TO SEND
YOU ON YOUR
LAST MILE!



THE LANDING GEAR SNAPPED! IT'S
CRASHING--BURSTING INTO FLAMES!
THE PASSENGERS WILL BE TRAPPED
IN A WHITE HOT INFERNO!



HEAVE AGAINST
THE DOOR--
EVERYONE-- OR
WE'LL BE
ROASTED
ALIVE!

IT'S STUCK!
AND HOLY
SMOKE--THERE'S
SOMEBODY BACK
THERE FIRING A
MACHINE GUN!

IF OPEN TANKS OF GAS AND
OXYGEN DON'T FINISH 'EM, I'LL
PICK 'EM OFF AS THEY LEAP!

KRUGER! HE SNEAKED
OUT WHILE I WAS
THROWING THE OTHERS
IN THE CELL!

LET ME
GO, YOU
FOOL!

SURE--FROM A HUNDRED
FEET ABOVE YOUR
PHONY SHIP!

NICE GOIN,'
DYNAMIC
BOY! ARE YOU
COUNTIN' EM?

TO COVER UP YOUR
FRAUD AND MURDERS,
YOU PLANNED IT SO
PEOPLE WOULD THINK
YOU PERISHED
IN THE CRASH!

RIGHT!
HERE
COME THE LAST
ONES, BLISTERED
BUT ALIVE!

WE'D HAVE
PERISHED IF
YOU HADN'T
BEEN HERE,
DYNAMIC
MAN! HOW
CAN WE SHOW
OUR GRATITUDE?

BY RAISING
A FUND FOR
STEVE
CROSBY'S
WIDOW!
HE WAS
THE ONE
WHO
TIPPED US.
IF KRUGER HADN'T
KILLED HIM, WE'D
NOT HAVE COME
TO INVESTIGATE!



THE

ECHO

Fog fitted closely o'er the waterfront, spreading like a murky blanket of gloom dropped from the heavens and shrouding every earth-shape until it stood like a ghost in the blackness. No warmth was there in the fog-blanket, only the dank-wet chill of death. On such a night, Death dared. **The Echo** laughed at his amazing powers of ventriloquism and sealed a victim's lips--

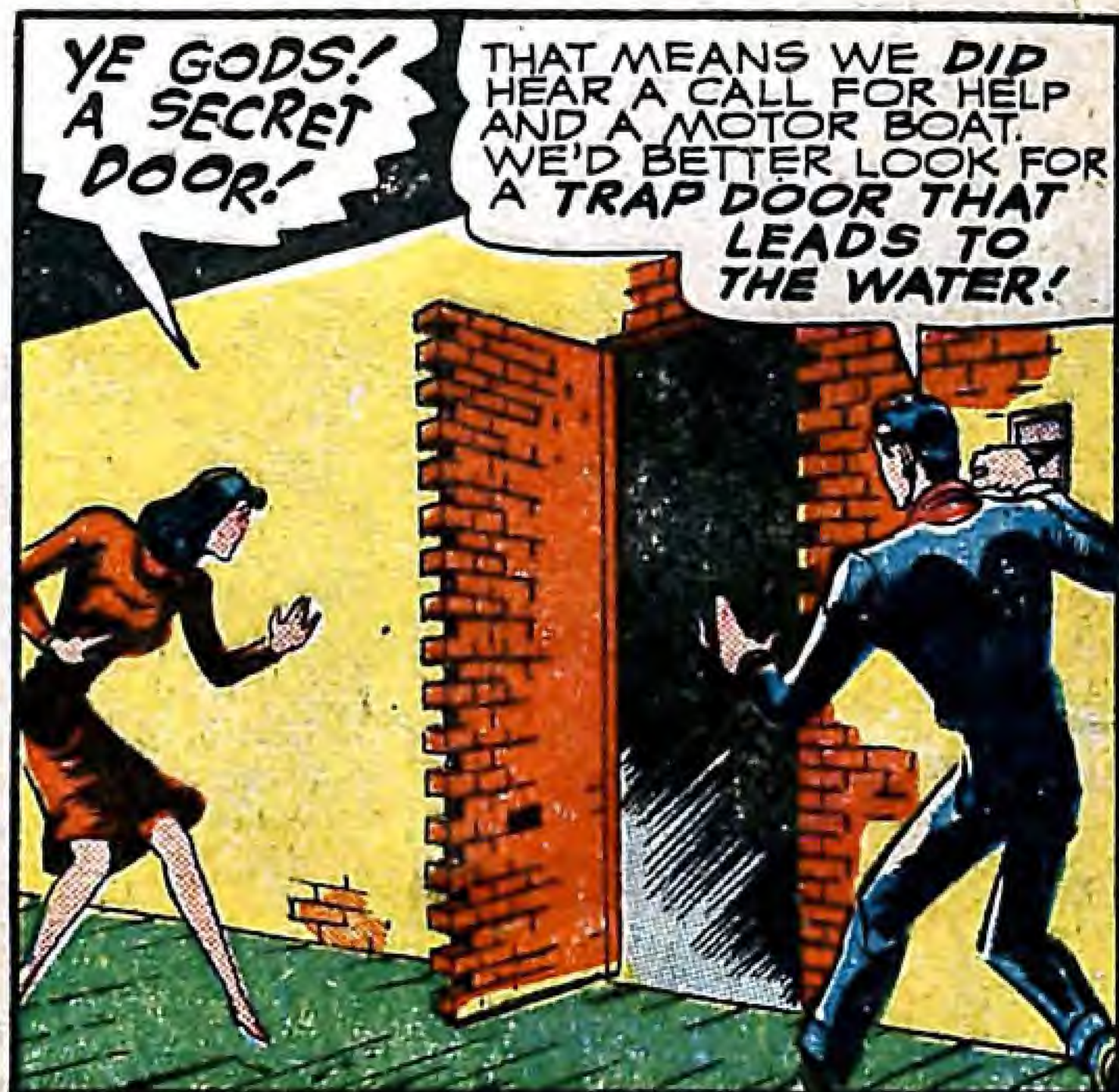
Evening at the waterfront--

I GUESS THIS IS OUR LAST FISHING TRIP OF THE SEASON, ECHO!

RIGHT, DOC! AND SAY, ISN'T THAT JOHN SAMSON, THE MILLIONAIRE, AND HIS DAUGHTER?

GUESS SAMSON WILL HAVE HIS YACHT HAULED OUT OF THE WATER, TOO! UH, LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT?

A CRY FOR HELP! AND THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! COME ON!







As Echo watches from the water, Maron, his men and Samson enter skiffs, row for the lighthouse, until--

DOC, CORA! WE'RE GOING TOO!

OKAY, ECHO! LOOKS LIKE WE SWIM FOR IT!

WHEW, SOME CURRENT. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAULED THAT ROPE ALONG WITH THE CORPSE, ECHO!

IT MAY COME IN HANDY. THIS IS NO SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC, SO BE CAREFUL!

SH-H-H-H!

WATCH YOUR STEP, CORA! ECHO'S FOUND SOMETHING!

What Echo sees--

THERE'S YOUR MONEY! NOW FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- FREE JEAN AND LET US GO!

DRY UP, SAMSON! WE'RE NOT THROUGH COUNTING THIS SPINACH--

AS SOON AS THE DOUGH'S IN MARON'S JEANS, THOSE TWO ARE DEAD DUCKS!

HURRY BACK, ECHO! THERE'S ONLY MINUTES!

YOU HAVE YOUR MONEY! NOW LET US GO! AT LEAST, BE MAN ENOUGH TO KEEP YOUR PART OF THE DEAL!

WE'LL GIVE YOU THE ORDERS, SAMSON. GET MOVING! BRING THAT DAME ALONG, TOO, LOGO!

DON'T BELIEVE IT, SAMSON! HE'LL DROWN YOU LIKE HE DID ME!

WHAT THE GHOSTS!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! THEY'RE DEAD! JUST LIKE THIS ONE! IS GONNA-- HEY, HE WON'T DIE!

HA-HA! YOU CAN'T KILL A DEAD MAN, MARON! RUN FOR THE DOOR, SAMSON-- TAKE YOUR DAUGHTER!



GET DOWN INTO A SKIFF! WE'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!

IF THEY GET AWAY, WE'RE HEADIN' FOR A NECKTIE PARTY!



WE'LL GET 'EM, MARON--

OR WE'LL ALL DROWN TOGETHER--



But Doom suddenly opens the door--

YI-I-I! THE DOOR AIN'T THERE!

A LITTLE DUNKING BEFORE DROWNING WILL DO YOU BIRDS GOOD!



SPEAKING OF NECKTIE PARTIES, I'VE GOT QUITE A LINE MYSELF! THE ROPE DOES COME IN HANDY!

THE ECHO! KILL HIM, LOGO!



YEAH, I GOT HIM-- OW-W-W!

THAT'S RIGHT, LOGO! RIGHT ON THE FIST WITH YOUR JAW!



I'LL GET YOU NOW, YOU LOUSY VOICE THROWER!

MY VOICE ISN'T ALL I CAN THROW!



I LIKE TO THROW BUMS AROUND, TOO!



AM I GLAD YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAID NOTHING WAS WRONG! HERE COMES THE COAST GUARD FOR MARON!

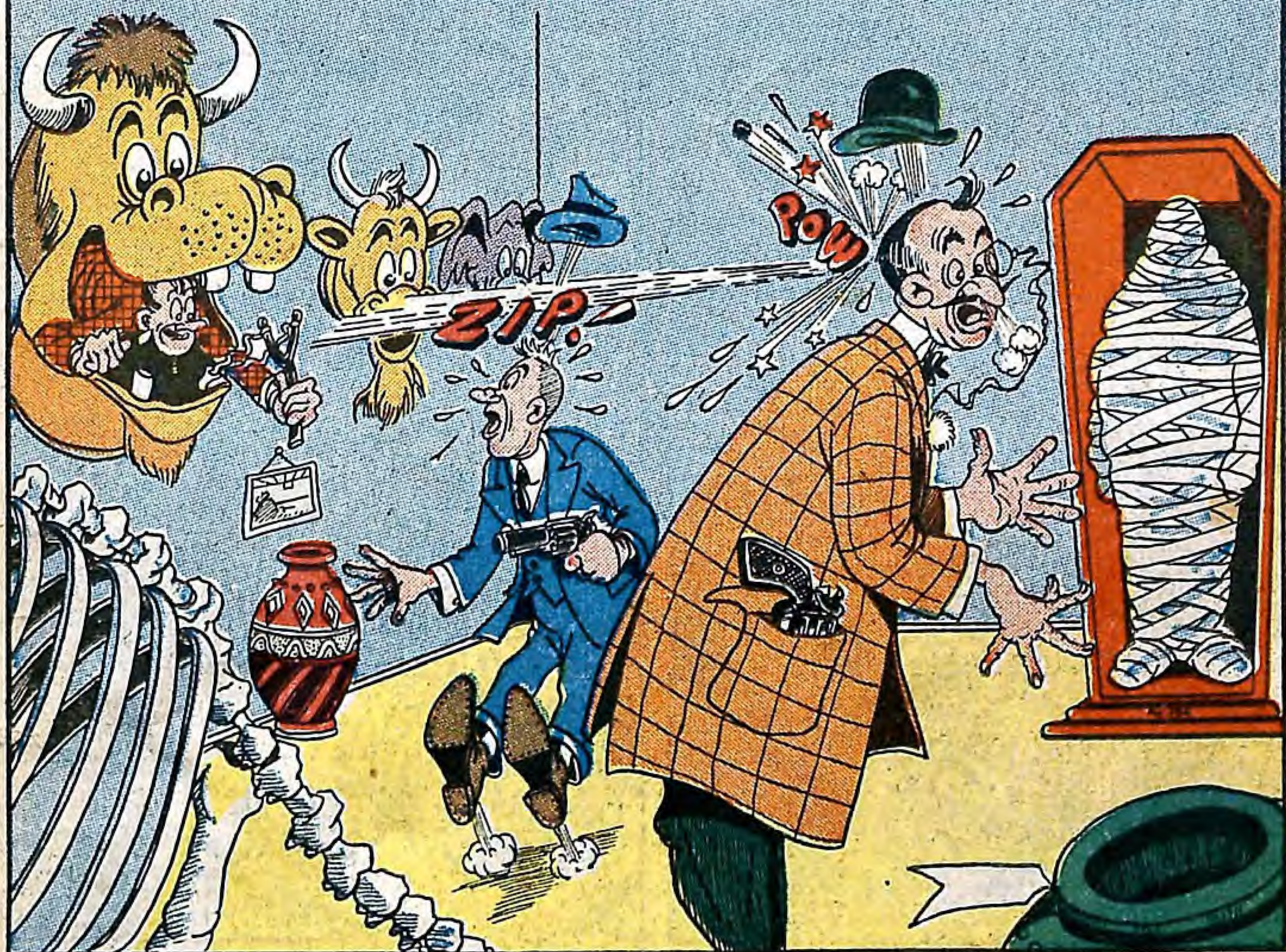
HAD TO SOLVE THAT CASE, SAMSON, OR GO TO JAIL!



MARON AND LOGO GRABBED JOAN AND ME THROUGH THE SECRET DOOR, THEN SENT ME BACK TO GET THE MONEY.

MARON SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO HIS BOATHOUSE. HE'LL BE IN DRY-DOCK FOR A LONG WHILE NOW!

IMA SLOOTH



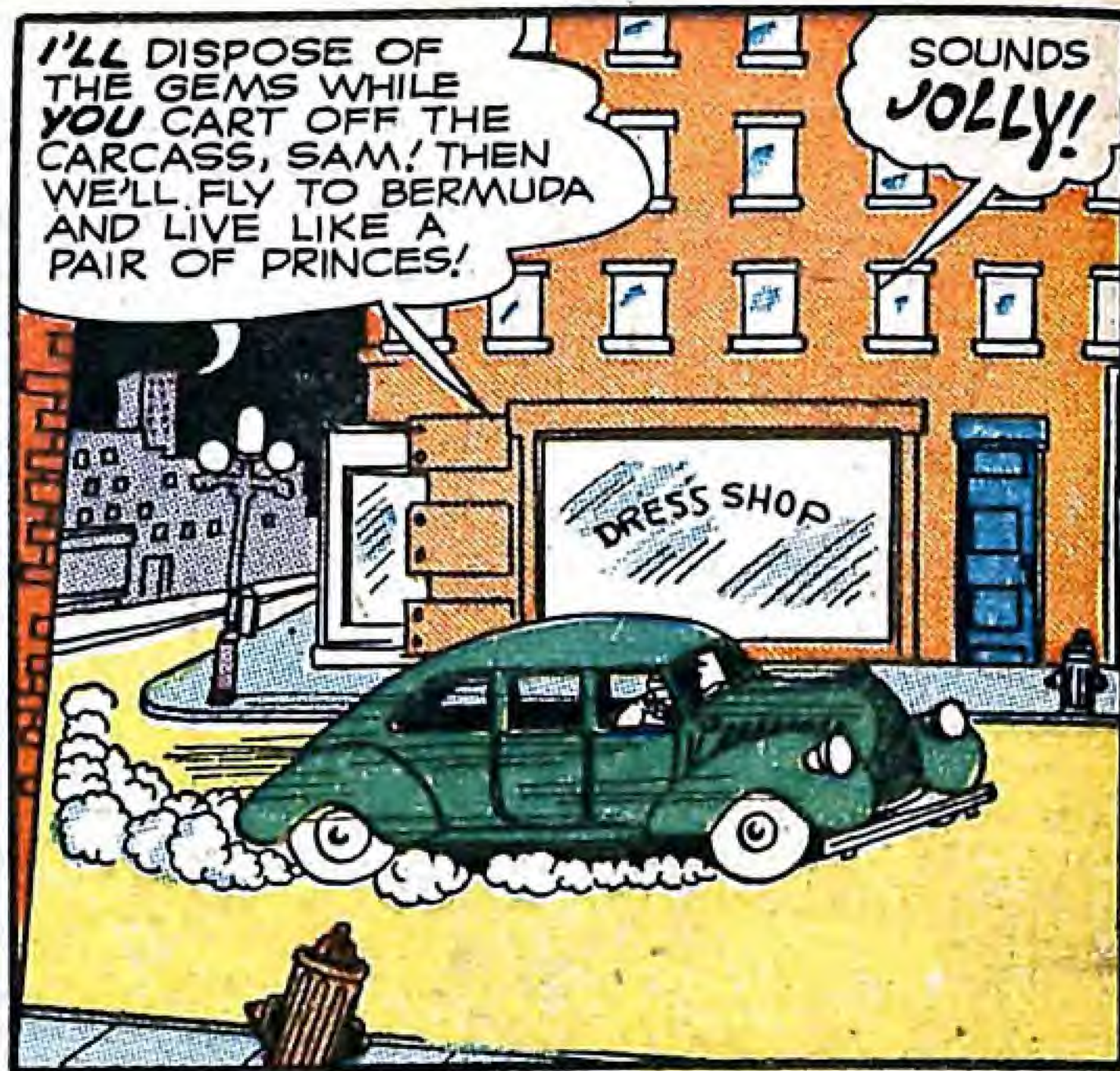
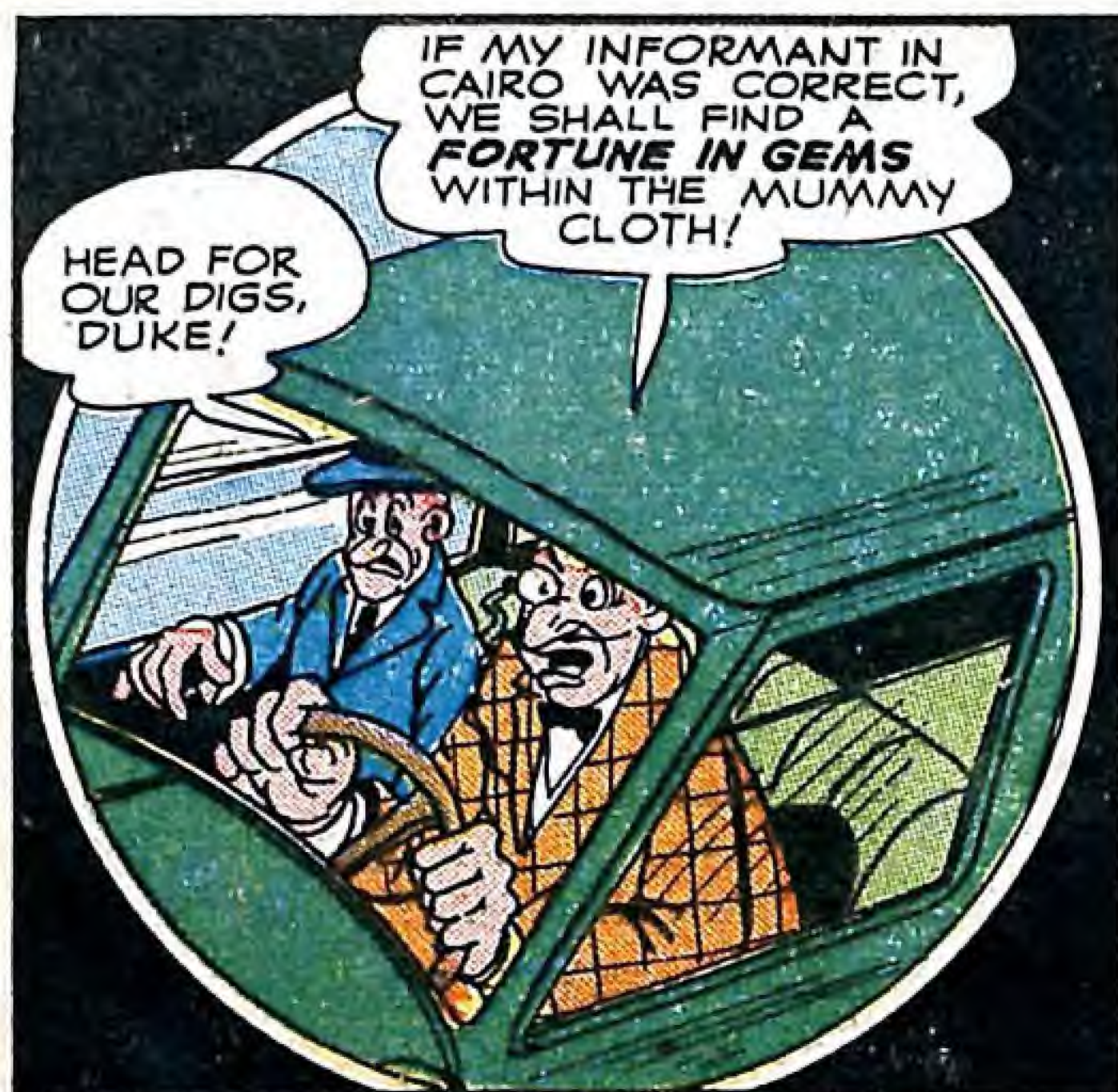
COAST'S CLEAR!
PROCEED,
DUKE!

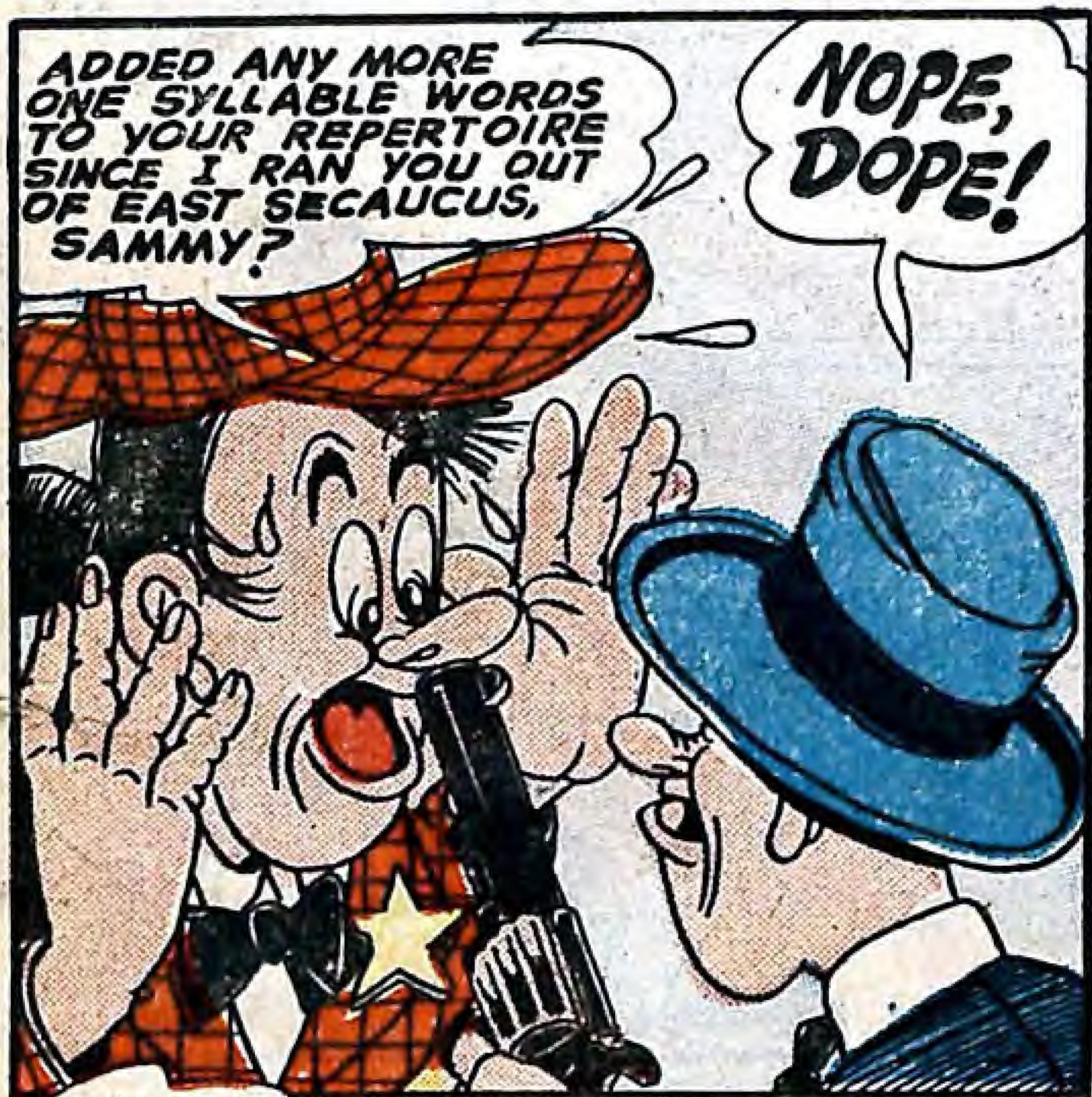
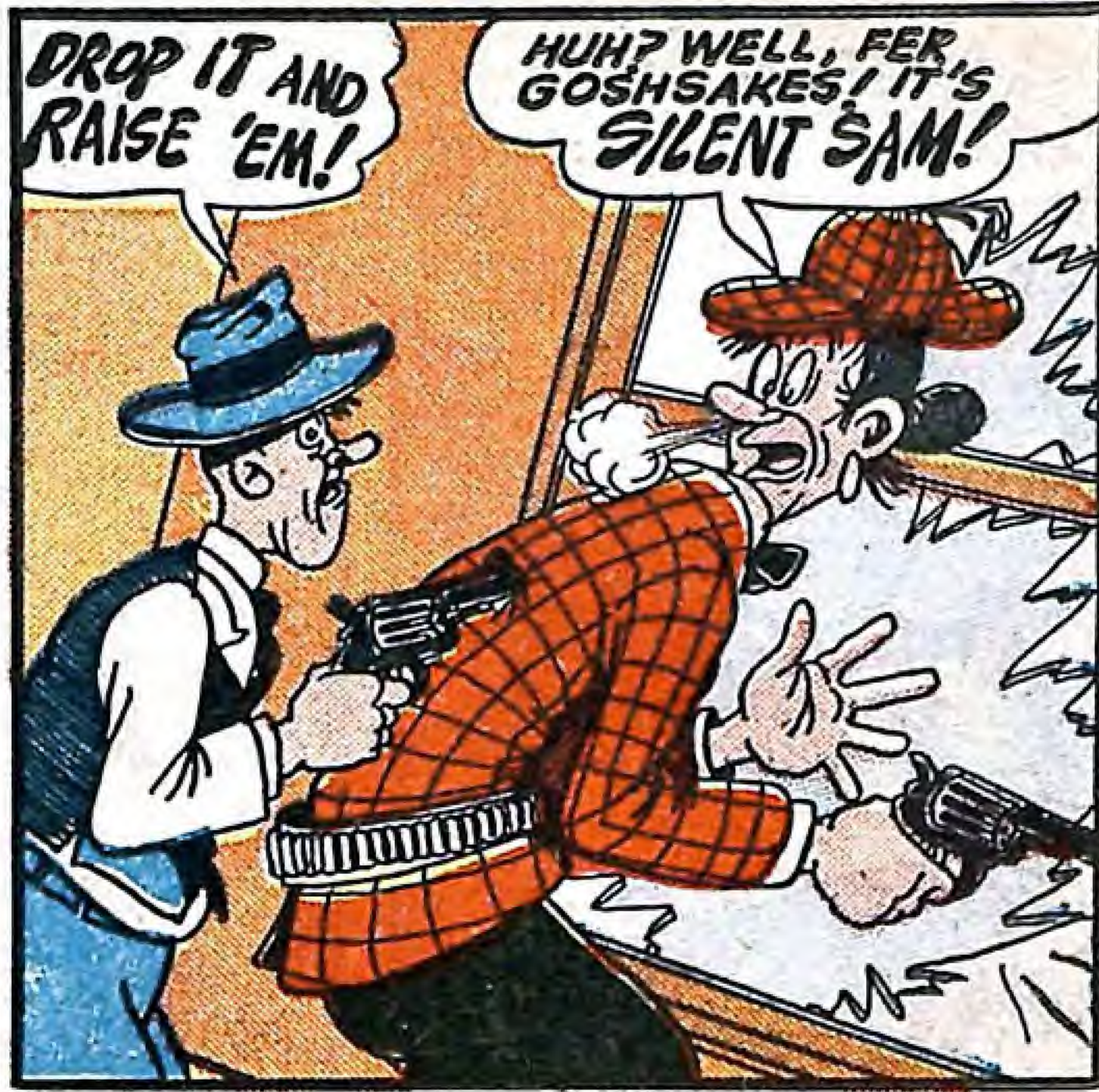
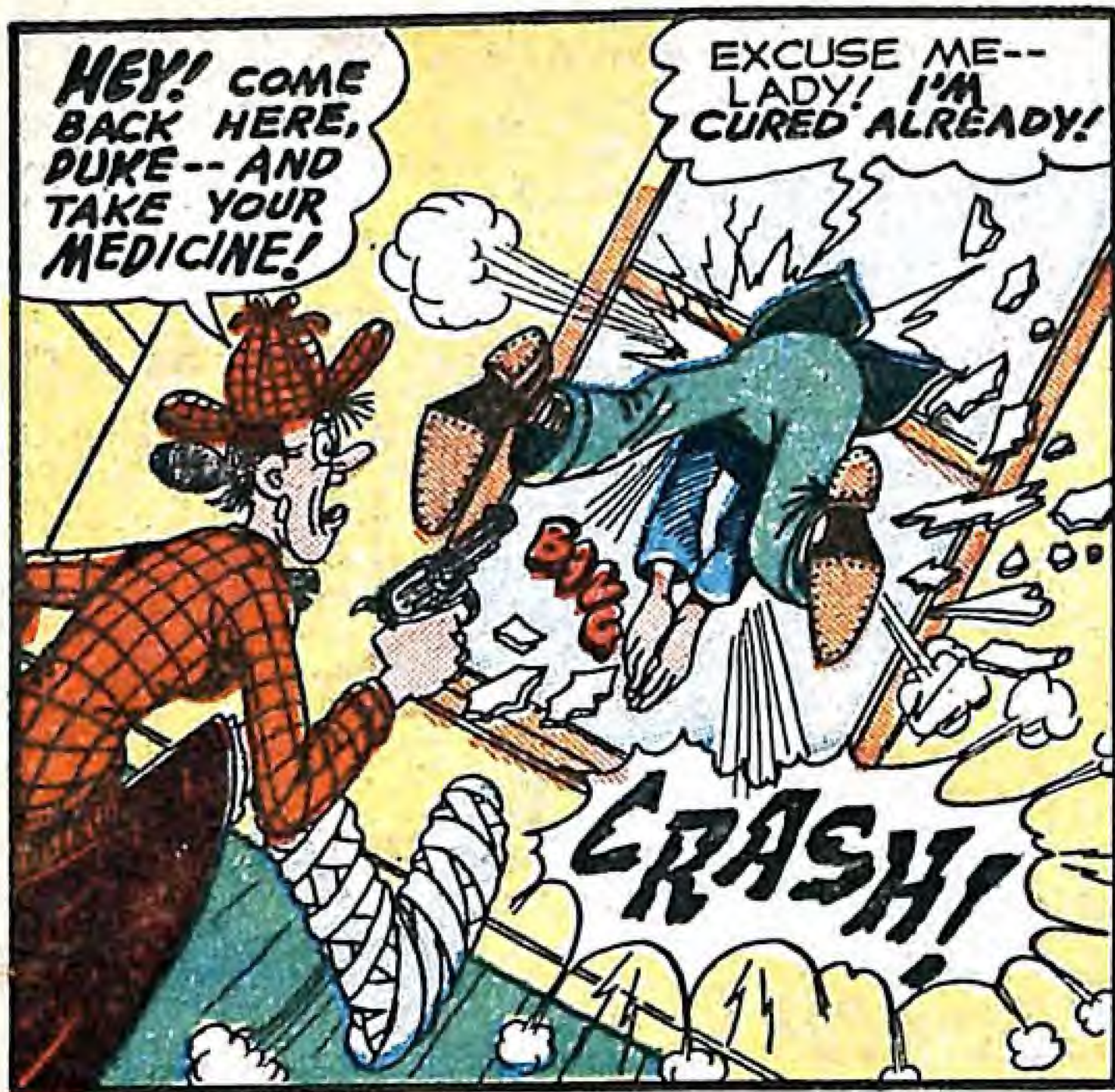


THEREFORE
MAKE
HASTE!



EXTRAORDINARY!
I DARE SAY,
THOUGH, THAT
THE REMARK
WAS PURELY
A REFLEX
ACTION OF
THE OLD THING'S
VOCAL CORDS!







ER, AHEM--
YES, OF COURSE,
SLOOTH! I'LL
RUSH RIGHT OVER!

HARRUMPH!
AND WHO IS
THIS **SLOOTH**
PERSON, EUSTACE?
IT SOUNDED LIKE
A **WOMAN'S**
VOICE!



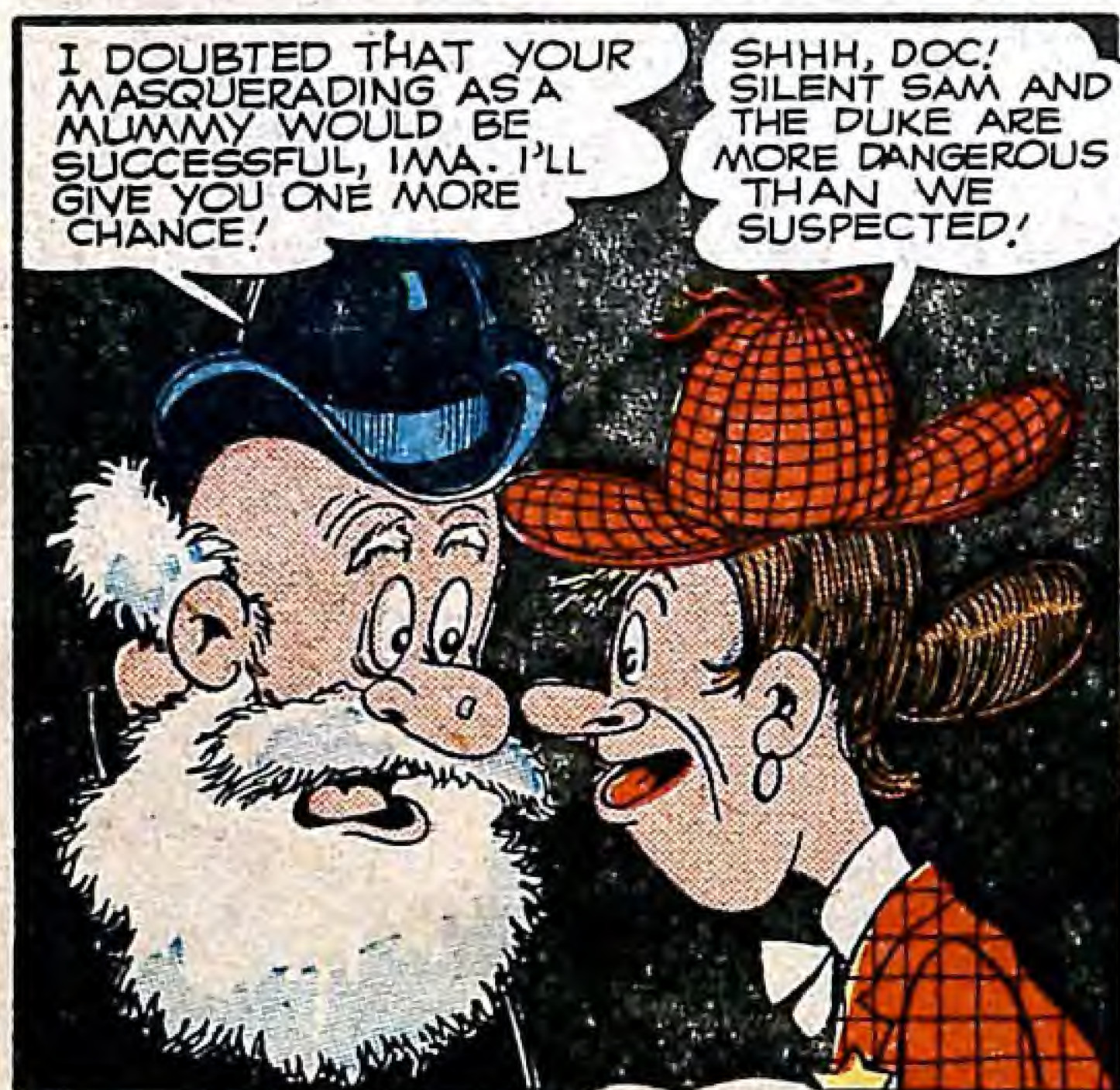
NONSENSE, ABIGAIL!
YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T
CARRY ON AFFAIRS WITH
OTHER WOMEN!
GO BACK TO SLEEP!
I WON'T BE LONG!



HOLD IT, MOSSY! YOU
MAKE MORE
NOISE THAN
A HERD OF
ELEPHANTS!

OOPS!
OH, IT'S
YOU, MISS
SLOOTH!

135



I DOUBTED THAT YOUR
MASQUERADING AS A
MUMMY WOULD BE
SUCCESSFUL, IMA. I'LL
GIVE YOU ONE MORE
CHANCE!

SHHH, DOC!
SILENT SAM AND
THE DUKE ARE
MORE DANGEROUS
THAN WE
SUSPECTED!



NOW YOU WAIT
HERE, DOC, AND
WHISTLE IF YOU
SPOT THEM SNEAKING
OUT WITH ANOTHER
MUMMY!

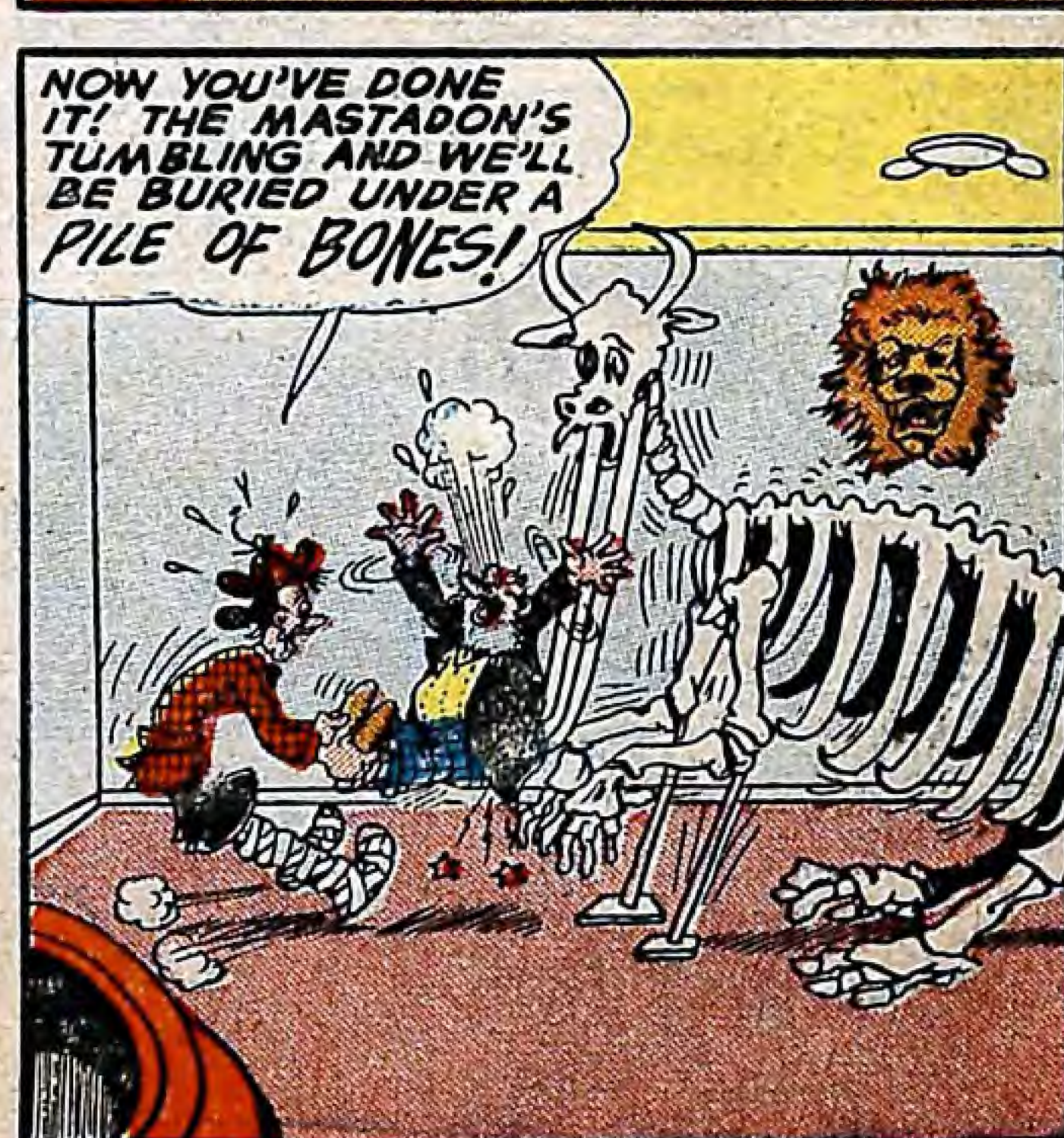
YES, BUT PLEASE
BE CAREFUL--
MISS SLOOTH!



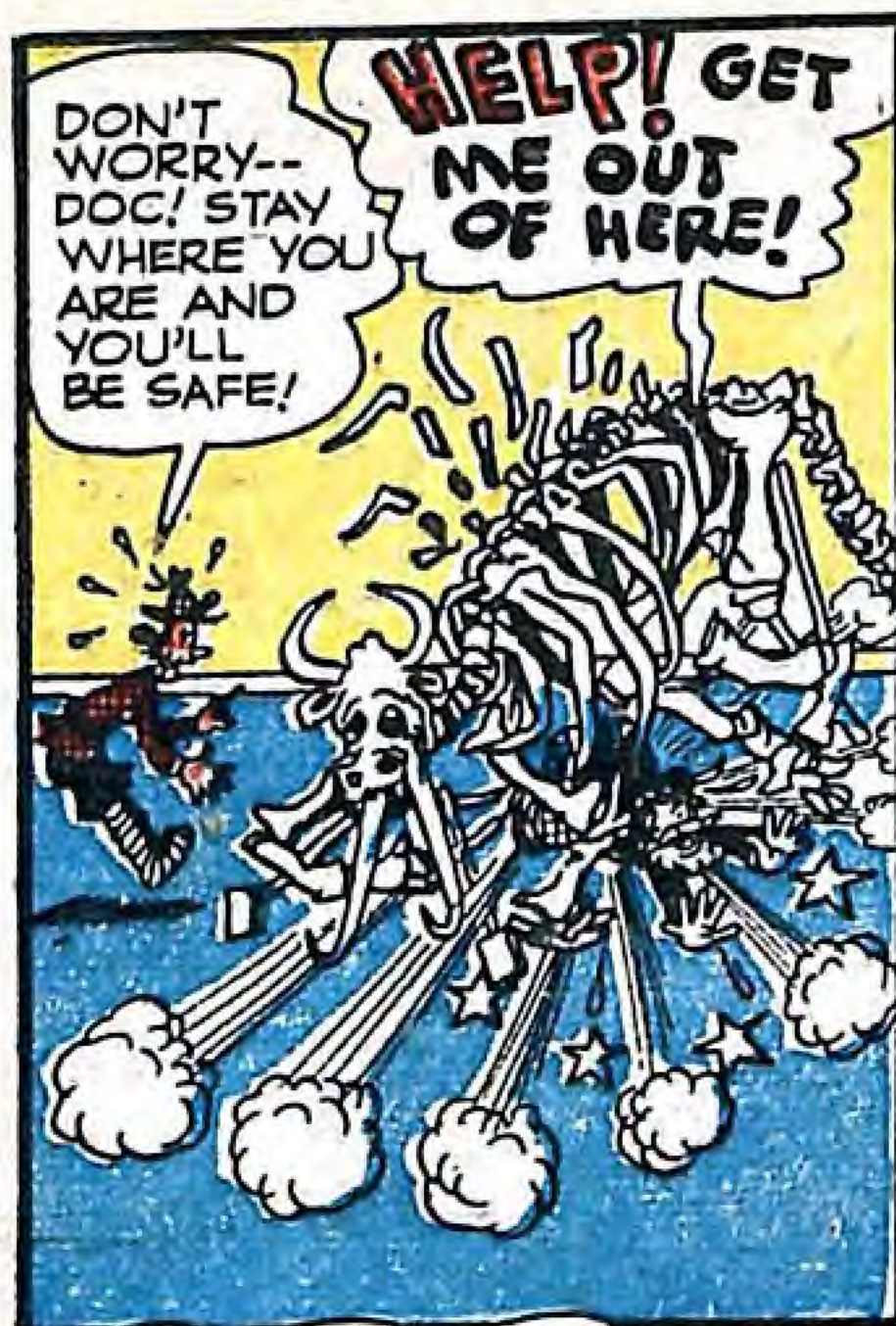
PIPE DOWN,
YOU IDIOT!
TAKE IT
EASY!

EEEOW!
THEY GOT
ME!

ZPLICK!



NOW YOU'VE DONE
IT! THE MASTADON'S
TUMBLING AND WE'LL
BE BURIED UNDER A
PILE OF BONES!



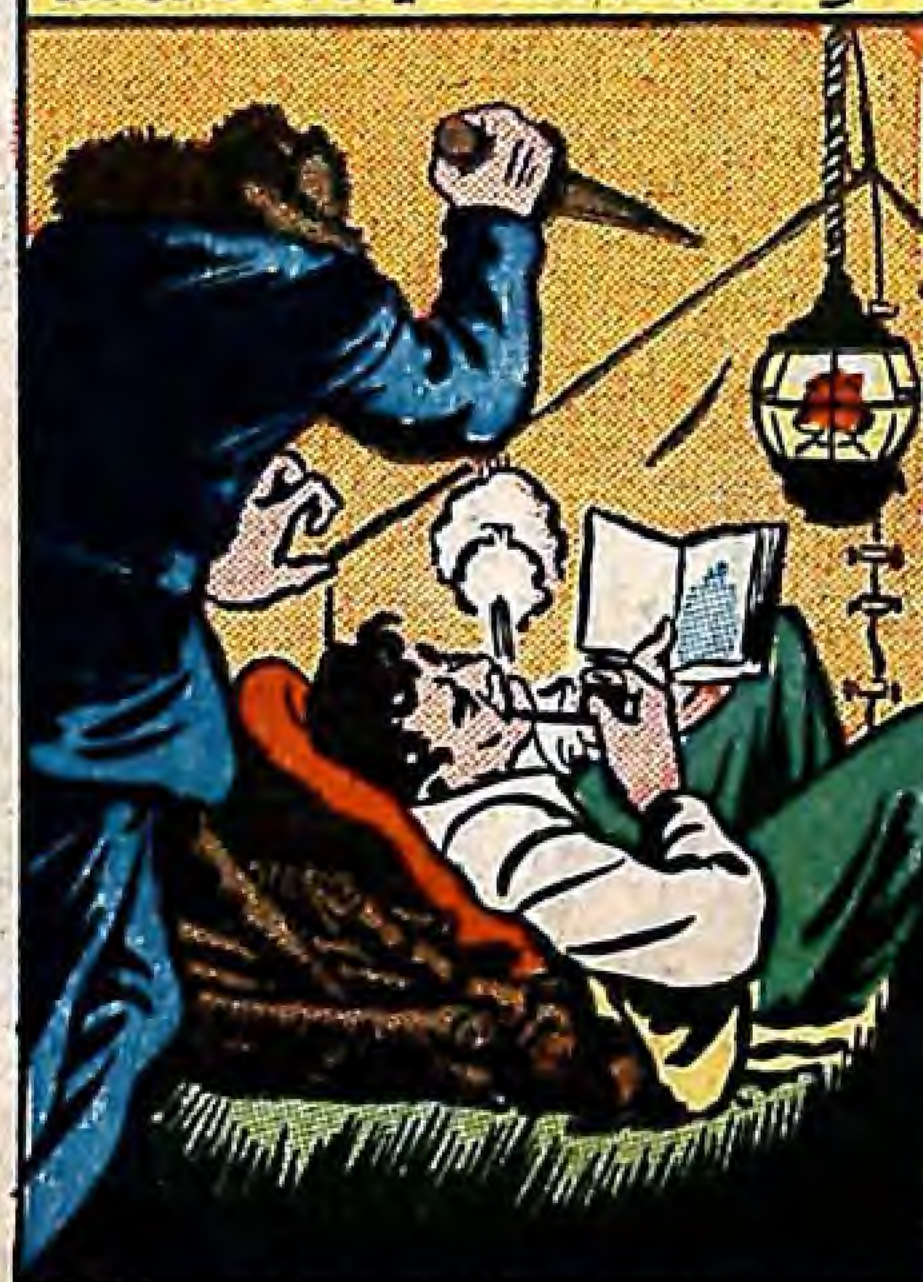
MANHUNTERS



Not only were the "Ice Murders" a test of Constable Bullock-Webster's own powers. But the prestige of the Northwest Mounted Police rested upon his courage in tracking down a cold-blooded assassin in the frozen wastes of British Columbia! The wits of a ferocious killer were pitted against the skill of a brave officer in this gripping true story of--

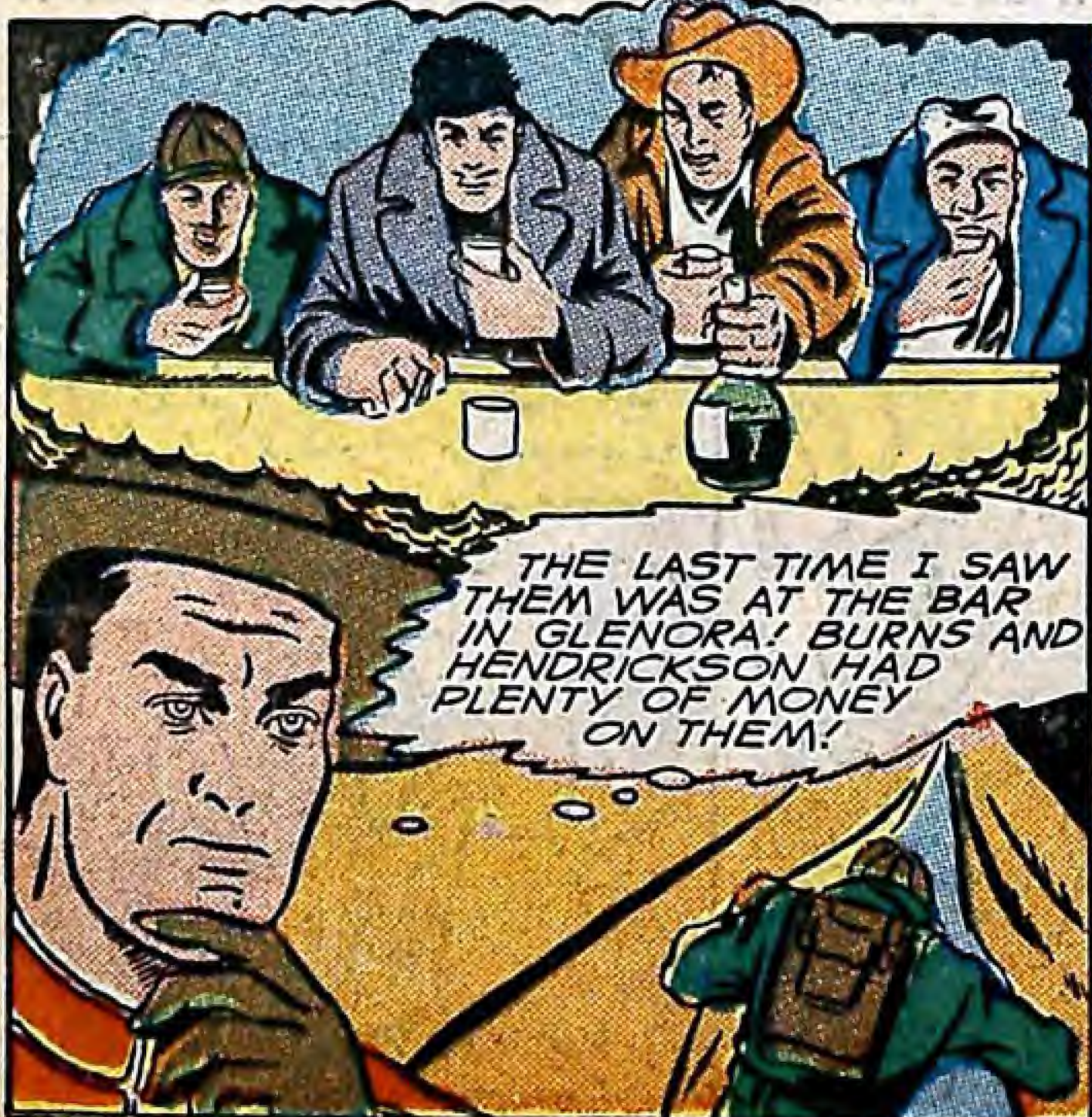
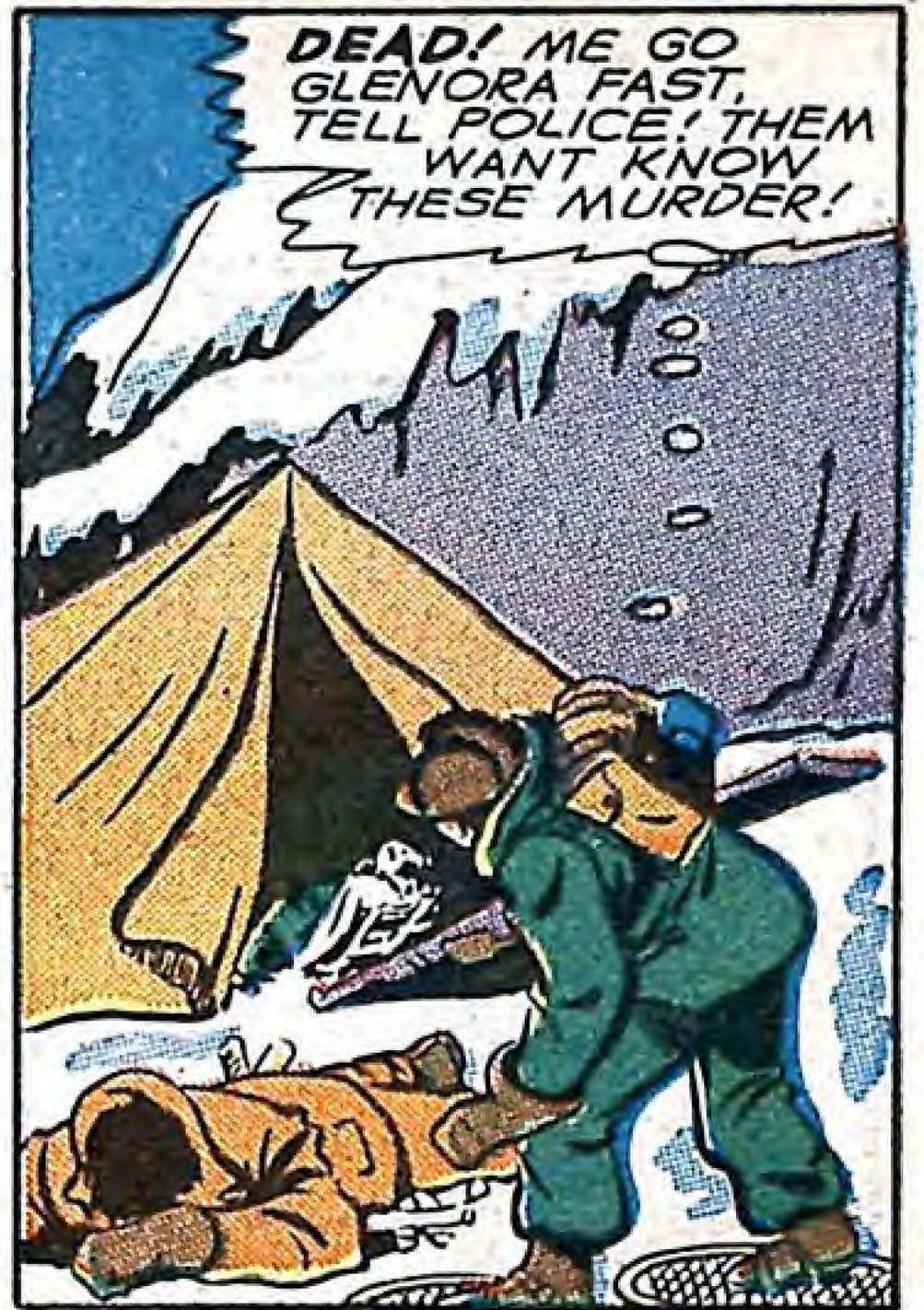


A May evening--sudden death creeps noiselessly--



--toward Jess Hendrickson, gold prospector--





Arranging for Sam, the Indian to bring the dead back to Glenora, Constable Bullock-Webster, alone, sets out on the trail of the missing members of the Burns-Hendrickson gold expedition!



A DAY LATER

SURE I REMEMBER THE BURNS-HENDRICKSON COMPANY. THEY BUSTED UP HERE AFTER A QUARREL!

OKAY, TELL ME WHICH WAY THE VIPOND BROTHERS WENT.



Bullock-Webster's trailing is accurate--

THE VIPOND BROTHERS? YEAH. THEY'RE HERE. IN THAT CABIN!

THANKS



YOU'RE THE VIPOND BROTHERS? I WANT A COUPLE OF ANSWERS, PLEASE! WHOSE MONEY'RE YOU GAMBLING WITH?

MONEE? YOU MAKE JOKE, NO? VIPOND BROTHERS POOR LIKE MOUSE! VRAIMENT!



IF YOU FIND MONEY ON THE VIPOND BROTHERS, CONSTABLE, I'LL EAT MY HAT! THEY HAVE MONEY! WOTTA LAUGH!

YOU SEE? VIPOND BROTHERS 'AVE REPUTATION OF BEGGAIR!



WELL, SOMEBODY KILLED BURNS AND HENDRICKSON, AND STOLE AT LEAST \$3000 AND EQUIPMENT!

DEAD?
C'EST IMPOSSIBLE!

ONLY ONE MAN COULD DO THEES! **SMILEY!** SMILEY, HE FIGHT LIKE TIGAR WEET BURNS. HE HATE BURNS LIKE DEAT!

OUI! **SMILEY--** HE MUS' KEEL THEM! OUI--HEEM!



THE VIPOND BROTHERS MUST BE INNOCENT-- BECAUSE WHOEVER KILLED BURNS AND HENDRICKSON MADE OFF WITH THEIR MONEY AND EQUIPMENT!

SMILEY-- HE MAK' ALL ZE TROUBLE! HE-BREAK UP TREEP!





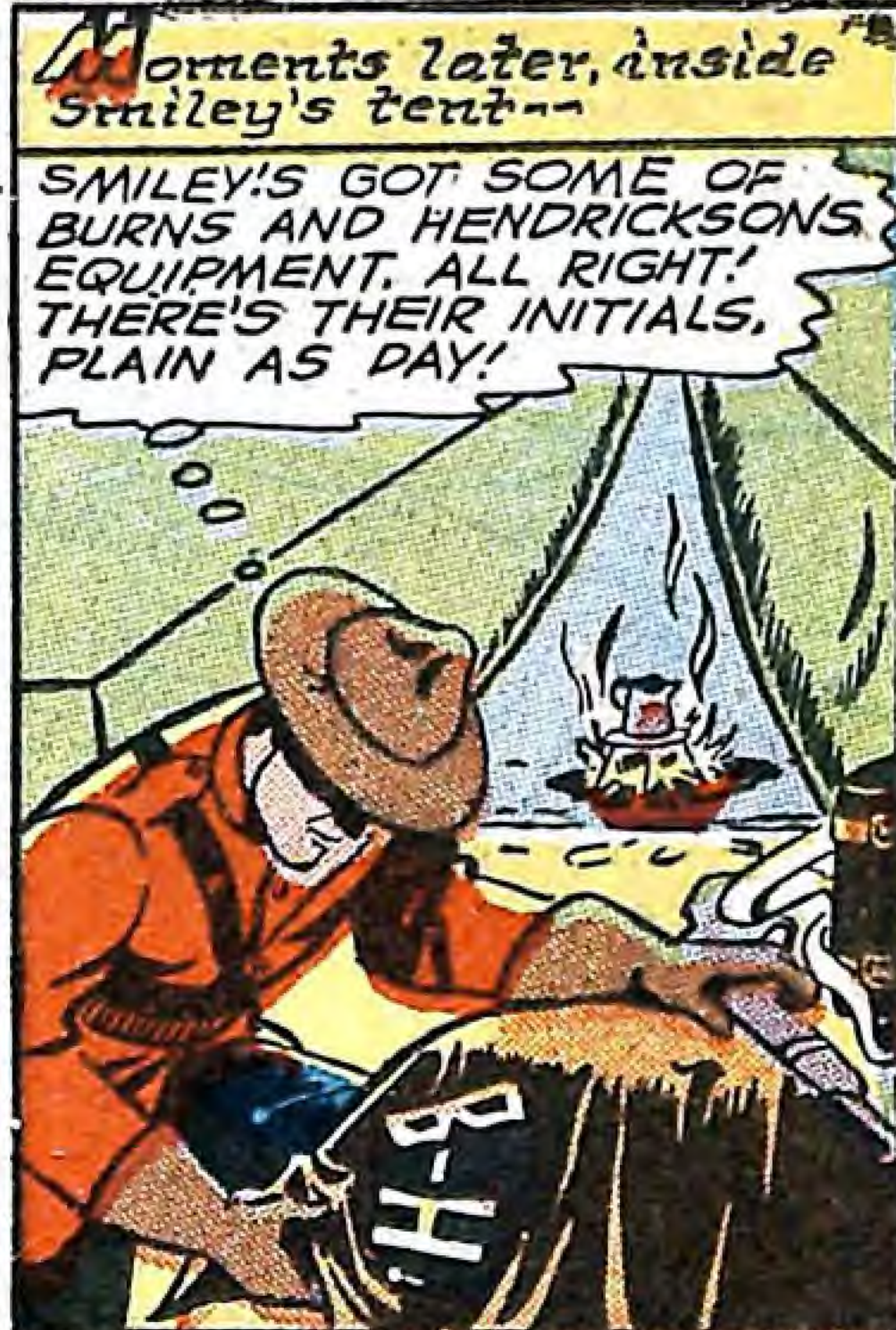
I'M INCLINED TO BELIEVE YOU'RE BOTH INNOCENT! NOW CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHERE I CAN LOCATE SMILEY?

I SPOKE TO A GUY THIS MORNING WHO SAYS HE MET SMILEY MUSHING ALONG WHITE SLOPE WAY--



Days of tireless pursuit bring reward!

SMILEY'S TENT-- AT LAST! LOOKS LIKE HE ISN'T AROUND-- BUT THAT BURNING FIRE MEANS HE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



Moments later, inside Smiley's tent--

SMILEY'S GOT SOME OF BURNS AND HENDRICKSON'S EQUIPMENT. ALL RIGHT! THERE'S THEIR INITIALS, PLAIN AS DAY!



INITIALS ON THE COFFEE POT AND THE OTHER PANS, TOO! LOOKS BAD FOR SMILEY!



SO! THOSE CHEAPSKATES, BURNS AND HENDRICKSON, GOT THE LAW AFTER ME!



DON'T BE FOOLISH! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT BURNS AND HENDRICKSON ARE DEAD-- MURDERED?

YOU CAN'T KID ME, WISEGUY! THOSE CHISELERS SENT YOU TO ARREST ME BECAUSE I STOLE A COUPLE OF THINGS TO MAKE UP FOR THEIR ROTTEN WAGES! WELL, I'M NOT GOING WITH YOU, SEE!

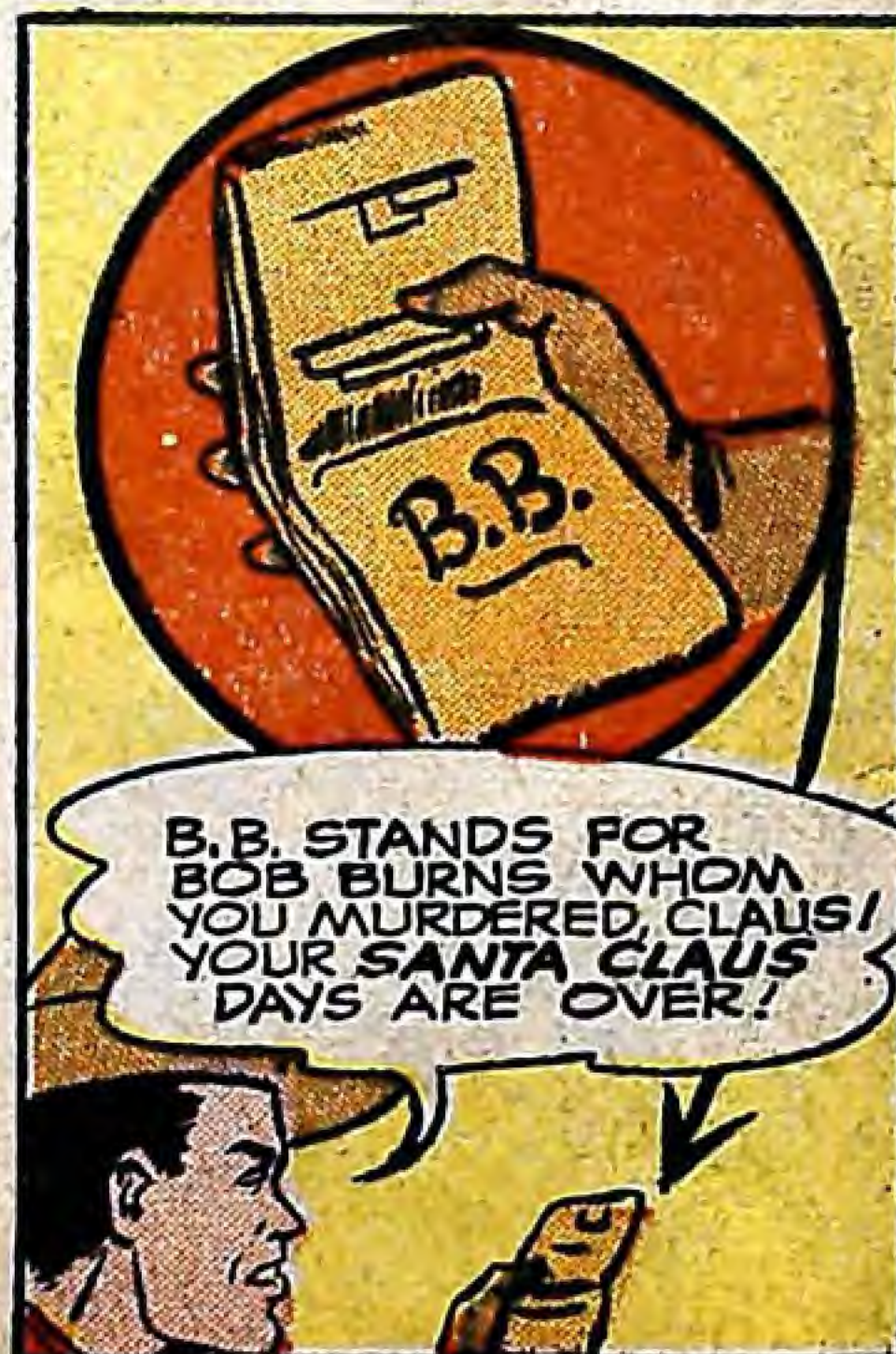


GREAT SCOTT! SMILEY'S INNOCENT! HE MUST'VE STOLEN THAT STUFF BEFORE THE EXPEDITION BROKE UP!

IN FACT, YOU'RE GONNA STAY HERE-- PERMANENT! SIC 'IM!



SMILEY THINKS I'M HERE TO JAIL HIM FOR ROBBERY AND HE'LL KILL ME RATHER THAN BE ARRESTED!





I'M FRAMED! THE CONSTABLE'S FRAMED ME! I'M JOE CLAUS, YOUR FRIEND! DON'T LET HIM ARREST ME!

LET JOE GO! JOE'S A GOOD GUY! HE WOULDN'T HURT NOBODY!

STAND BACK!



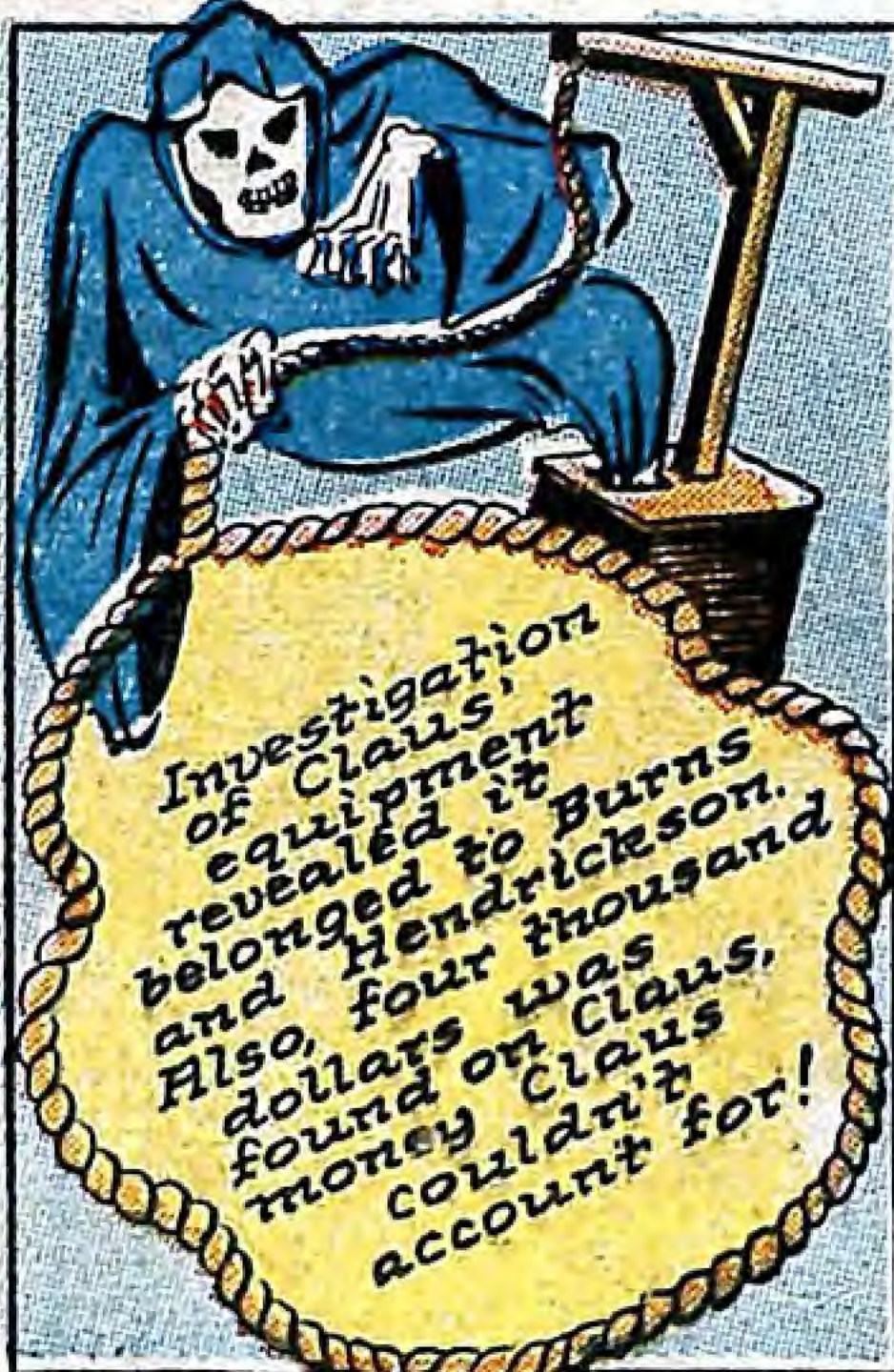
I TOLD YOU-- GET BACK!

DON'T LET 'EM FRAME ME, BOYS!



LET THE CONSTABLE GO--OR ELSE!

THANKS, PAL! I'LL REMEMBER THIS!



Investigation of Claus's equipment revealed it belonged to Burns and Hendrickson. Also, four thousand dollars was found on Claus. money Claus couldn't account for!



Claus was sentenced to be hanged in Vancouver. The morning of his death, Claus summoned his wife--

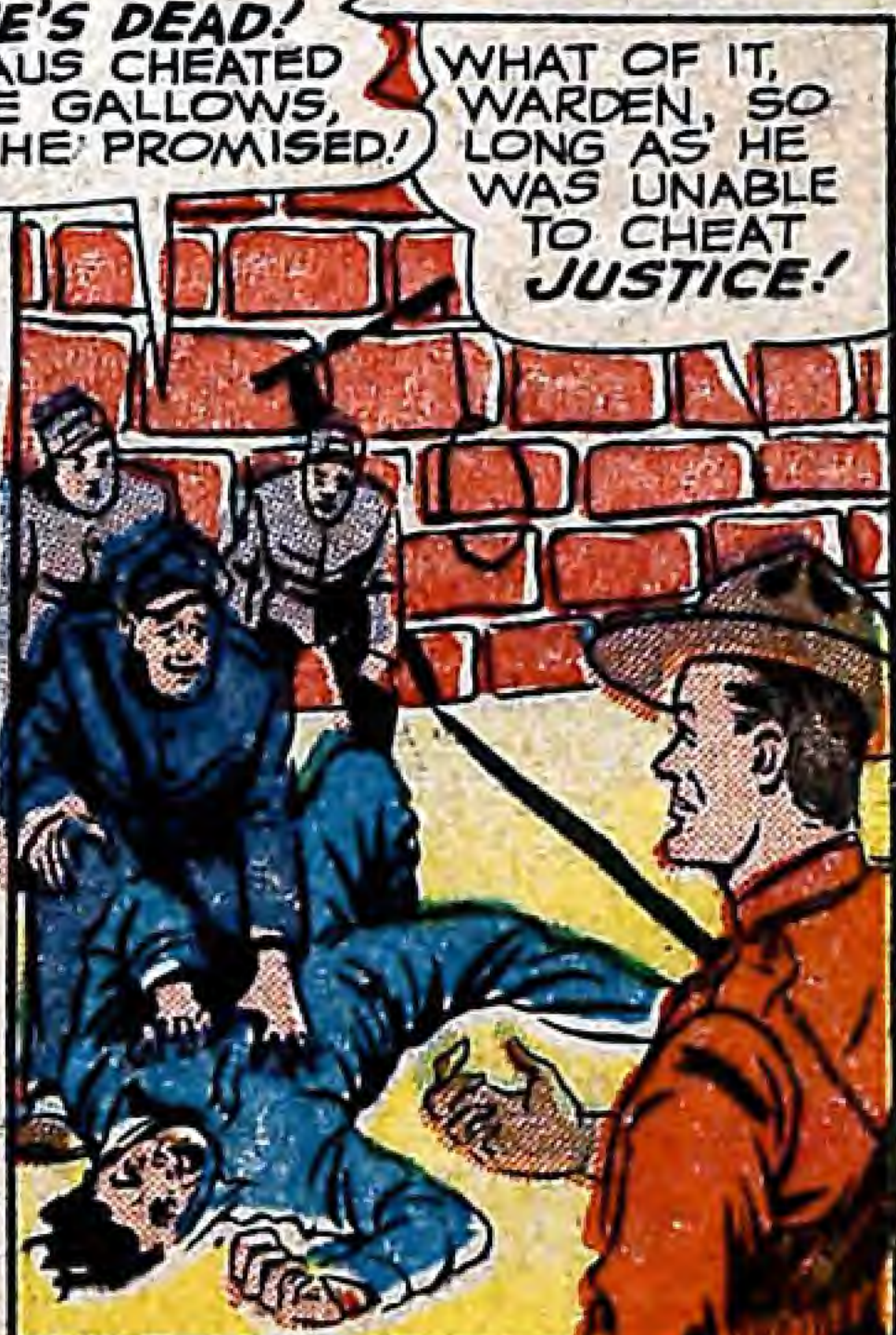
THE FOOLS GAVE ME PERMISSION TO TAKE A PICTURE WITH MY DERBY. ON. I SWORE I WOULD NOT HANG, SO THIS IS WHAT YOU DO-- LISTEN--!



Concealed in the derby's hat band was a death-size pellet of strychnine, which Claus popped into his mouth before anybody could stop him!



STOP HIM! HE'S TAKING POISON--!

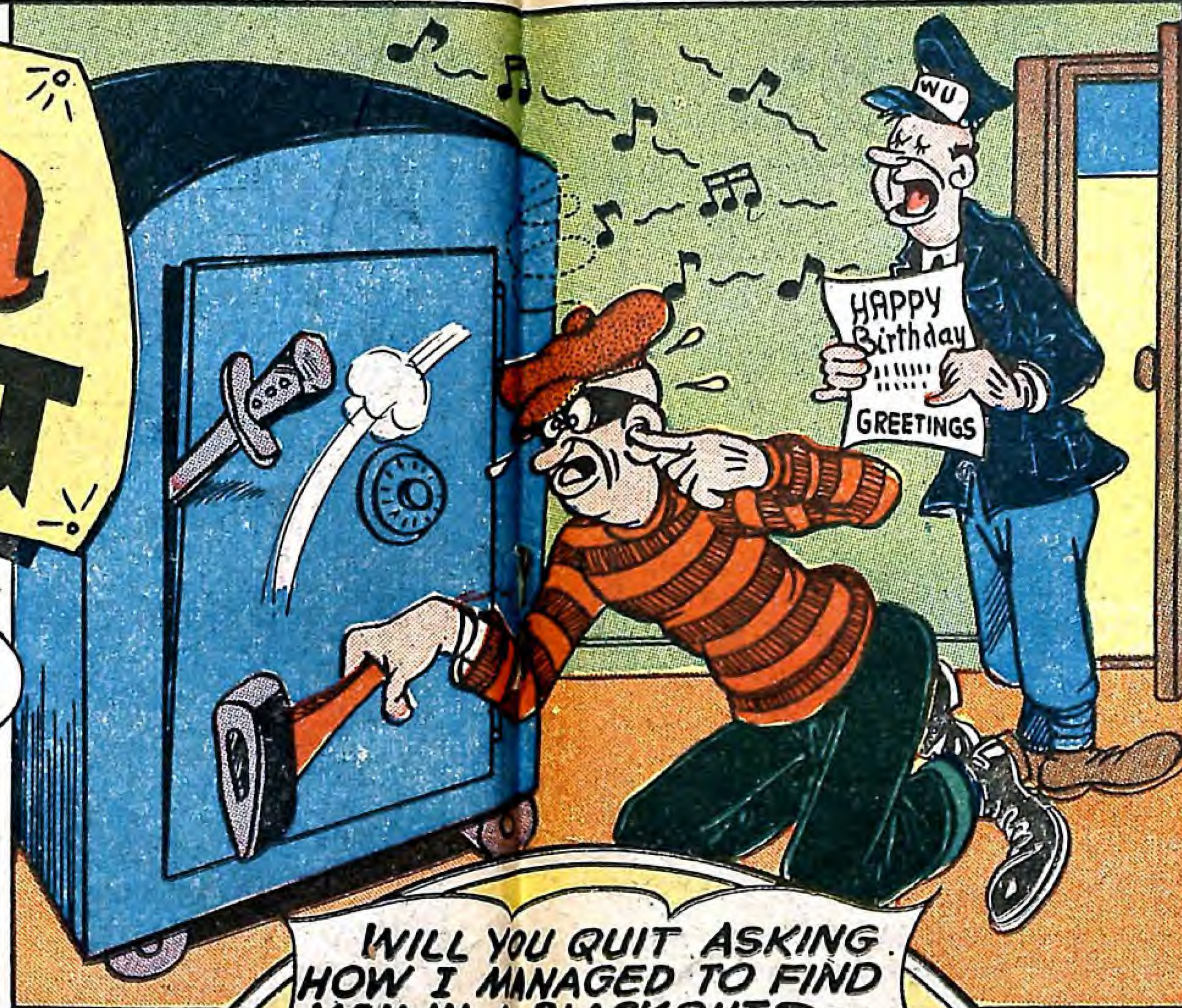
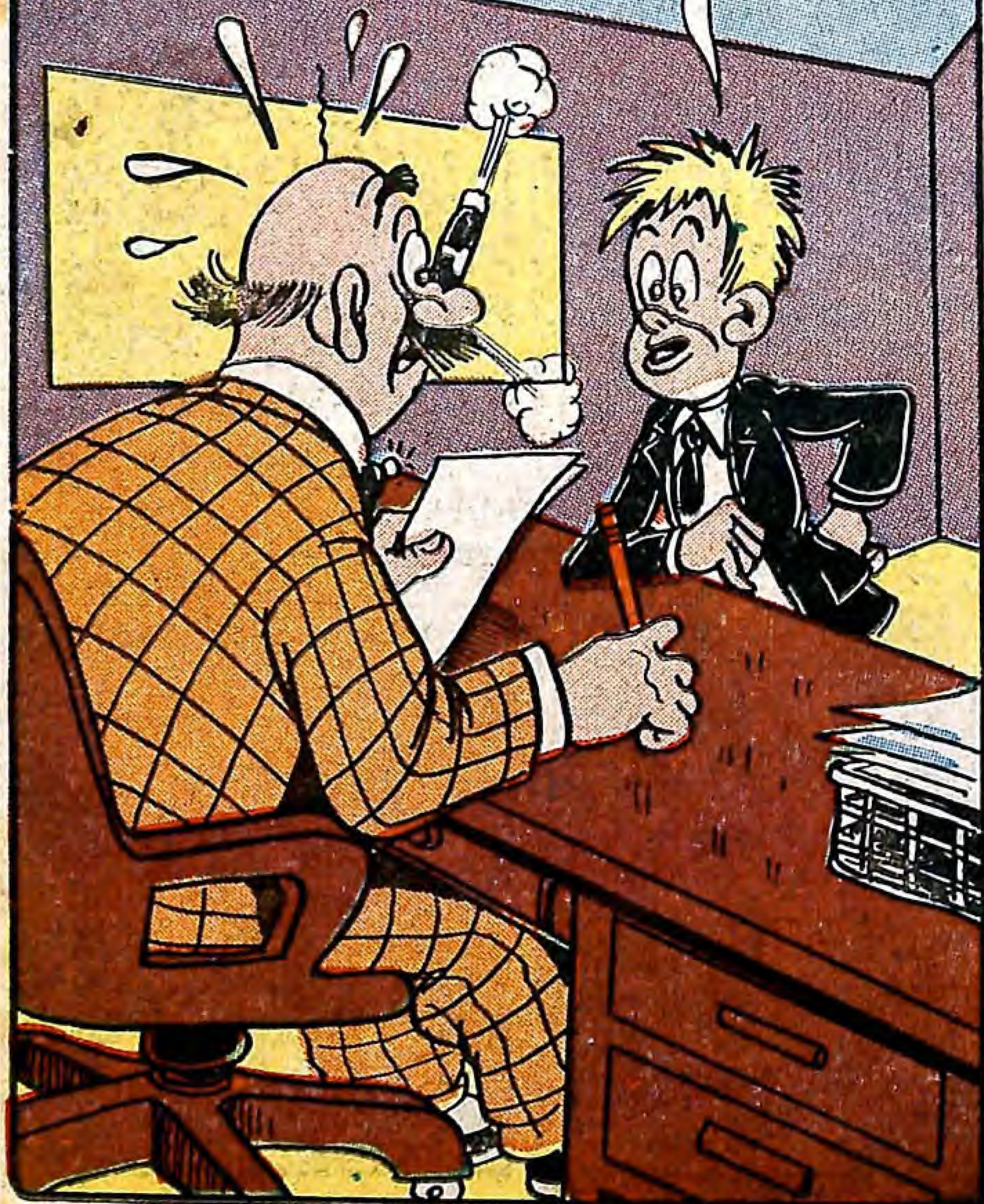


HE'S DEAD! CLAUS CHEATED THE GALLOWS, AS HE PROMISED!

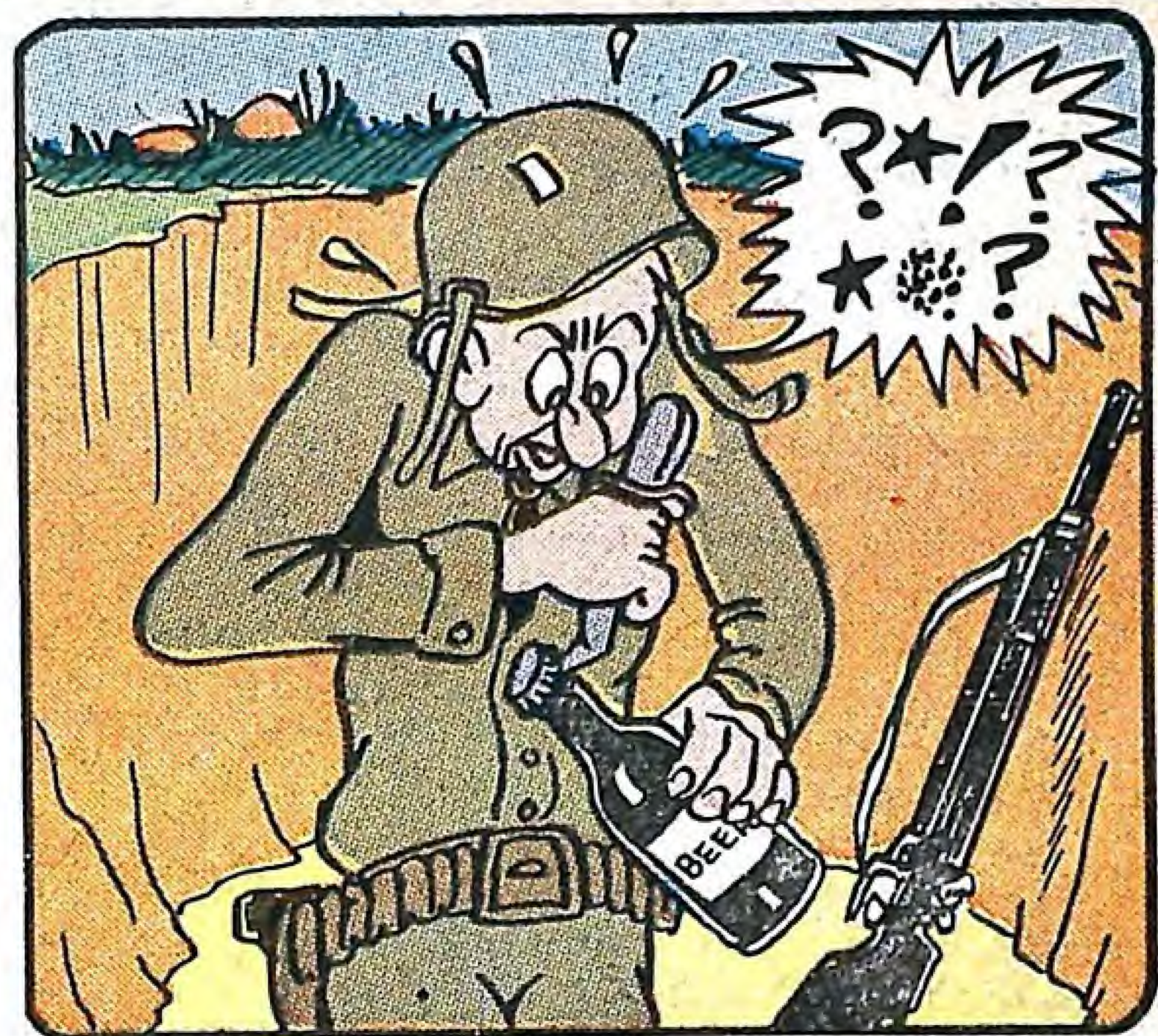
WHAT OF IT, WARDEN, SO LONG AS HE WAS UNABLE TO CHEAT JUSTICE!

Jest a MOMENT

DON'T EXPECT ME
BACK THIS AFTERNOON,
BOSS! I'M PLAYING
RIGHT FIELD IN
TODAY'S GAME!



WILL YOU QUIT ASKING
HOW I MANAGED TO FIND
YOU IN A BLACKOUT?!



MONUMENT TO DEATH

THE PERFECT CRIME WAS MERELY A MATTER OF FORM

Olin Carpenter shook his head sadly as he looked down at the dead body of his engineer, Sheen Muldoon, lying on the floor of the contracting office. Sheen had been a nice boy, honest and clean-cut. Carpenter felt really sorry he had had to murder him.

But then Muldoon had brought it on himself. If he had kept his nose out of business that didn't concern him! If he had not learned that Carpenter once had served a stretch for robbery, had sprung himself from stir by killing a prison guard!

Carpenter since then had become respectable, was even growing rich on this state bridge contract. Carpenter even smiled a little sadly to think how Muldoon had laid his cards on the table and had said he was going to turn Carpenter over to the police.

Carpenter took twenty thousand dollars in cash from the safe and placed it in Muldoon's pocket. There was no question that the money would be missing along with Muldoon. And the bonding company would have to make it good anyway.

It was dark outside and the darkness hid Carpenter as he carried Muldoon's limp body up the loose gravel to the level of the road. Just beyond, the floodlights shone on the huge concrete forms as the night shift poured soft cement from the big mixers into the gaping walls of wood.

Carpenter carried his burden along the top of the bank until he came to the very edge of the great cavern where the bridge structure began. The floodlights showed the long trough of oozing concrete as it flowed from the opposite bank to the very center of the network of wood. And the glare of the lights hid Carpenter with his eerie cargo from the eyes of his own men. It was so simple: he walked along the planking and with a shift of his shoulder he dropped Muldoon's body into the gaping jaws, even as the splashing river of concrete rose higher between the supporting walls.

Carpenter took one chance to satisfy his curiosity. Kneeling down he held his flashlight inside and lit it. Muldoon hung over an iron tie rod and soon the wash of rising concrete would engulf him and the truth would be sealed forever from prying eyes.

One thing this experience had taught Carpenter, however; he would burn the clippings he had been careless enough to leave lying on his desk. The clippings that described the jail break and had reproduced Carpenter's picture over his true name, Rufus Olean.

Next, Carpenter approached his men from another direction, as if he had just arrived by way of the highway. He began to drive the labor as if he were a person possessed of the devil. What had been a slow seeping stream of concrete now became a rushing, splashing torrent as the whole gang scooped shovels along the trough to hasten the flow. After all, a crime had to be covered up but fast. And at last the section containing Muldoon's body had been filled!

He was careful not to return to his office, so that he did not report to the police until the following morning that his engineer had disappeared with twenty thousand dollars of the firm's cash. Carpenter also remembered to notify the bonding company.

The bonding company's investigator was a man named John Cramer and he had gone to college with Muldoon. He seemed shocked and unable to believe that Muldoon was a crook.

The day the forms were being removed the state commissioner and Cramer were both at the job.

"Muldoon was a first rate engineer," said the commissioner. "And we want to be sure the job will go ahead according to specifications without him. Inspections will be mighty rigid."

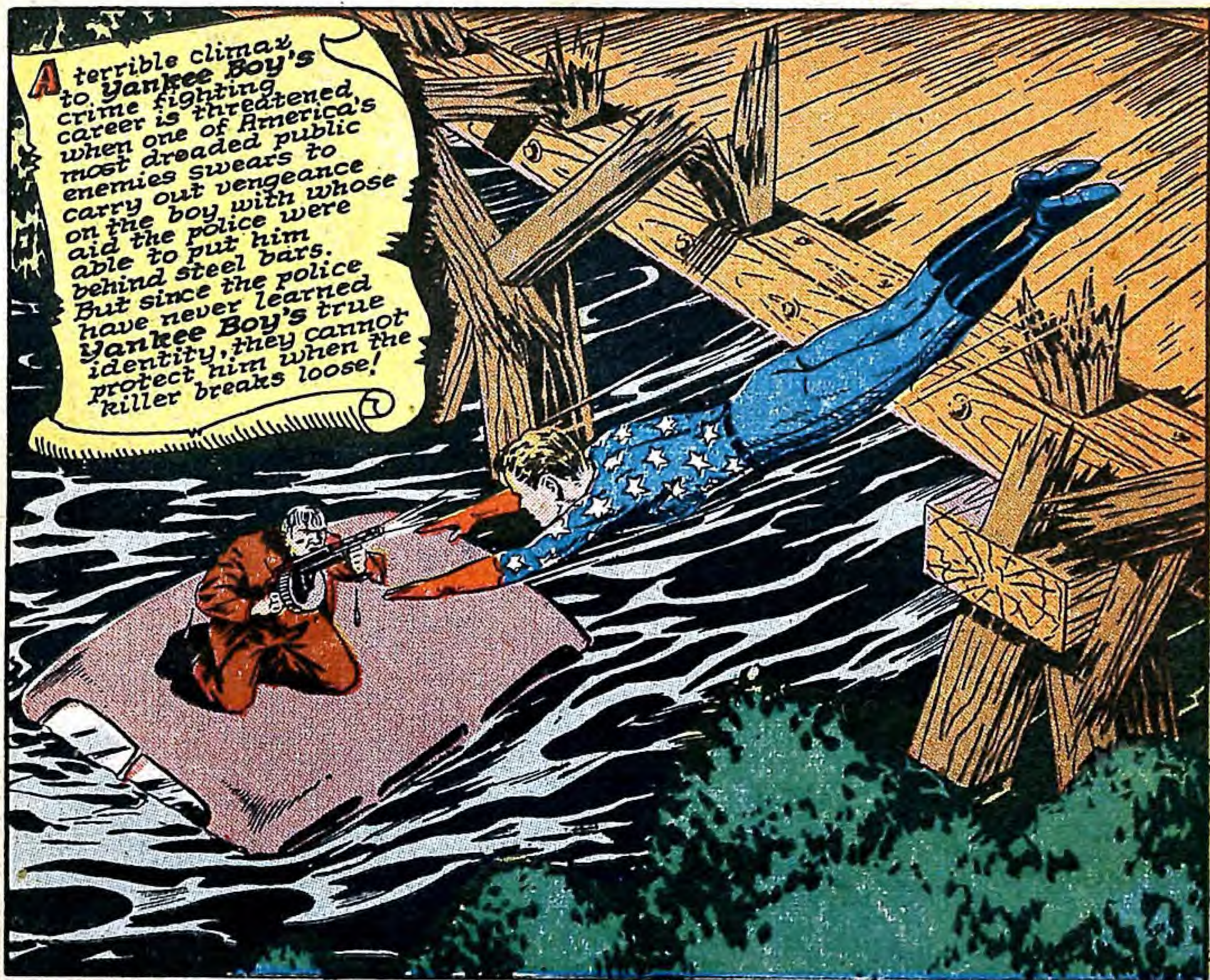
Carpenter smiled. "This job will pass the most severe inspections," he replied, "if for no other reason than to prove to Muldoon, wherever he is, that we're well rid of him."

A solid wall of firm smooth concrete appeared before them as the forms came down. Like the removing of a mask and a masquerade.

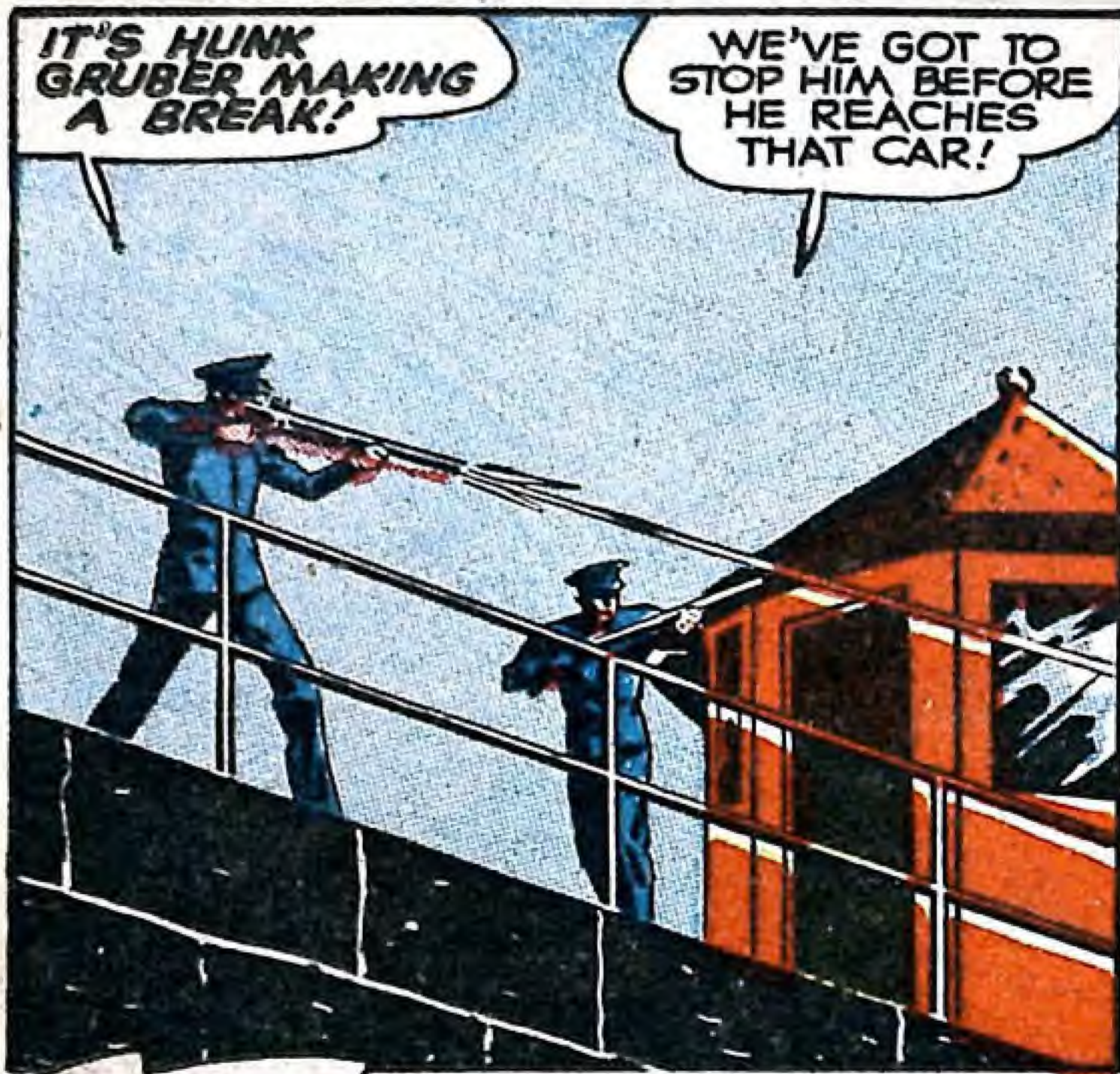
"Ever see a prettier sight?" asked Carpenter. Then his face froze. Every precaution he had taken, every care in planning and all the assurance of safety he had enjoyed left him like a fog in a high wind. His world came tumbling down about him. He followed his true bent and reached for his pocket, but he had no gun. He turned and began to run, but John Cramer let him have one straight to the jaw and he had not the will to fight back.

The commissioner and Cramer smiled grimly as the cops shoved Carpenter into the wagon. And Carpenter recalled forlornly and too late how he had forced the men that night of the murder. The pressure of the increased flow of concrete had moved the body and—

Half way up the wall of concrete, still doubled over as if hanging to the tie rods, could be seen the hardened outline of the body of Sheen Muldoon—a monument to the handiwork of Olin Carpenter.

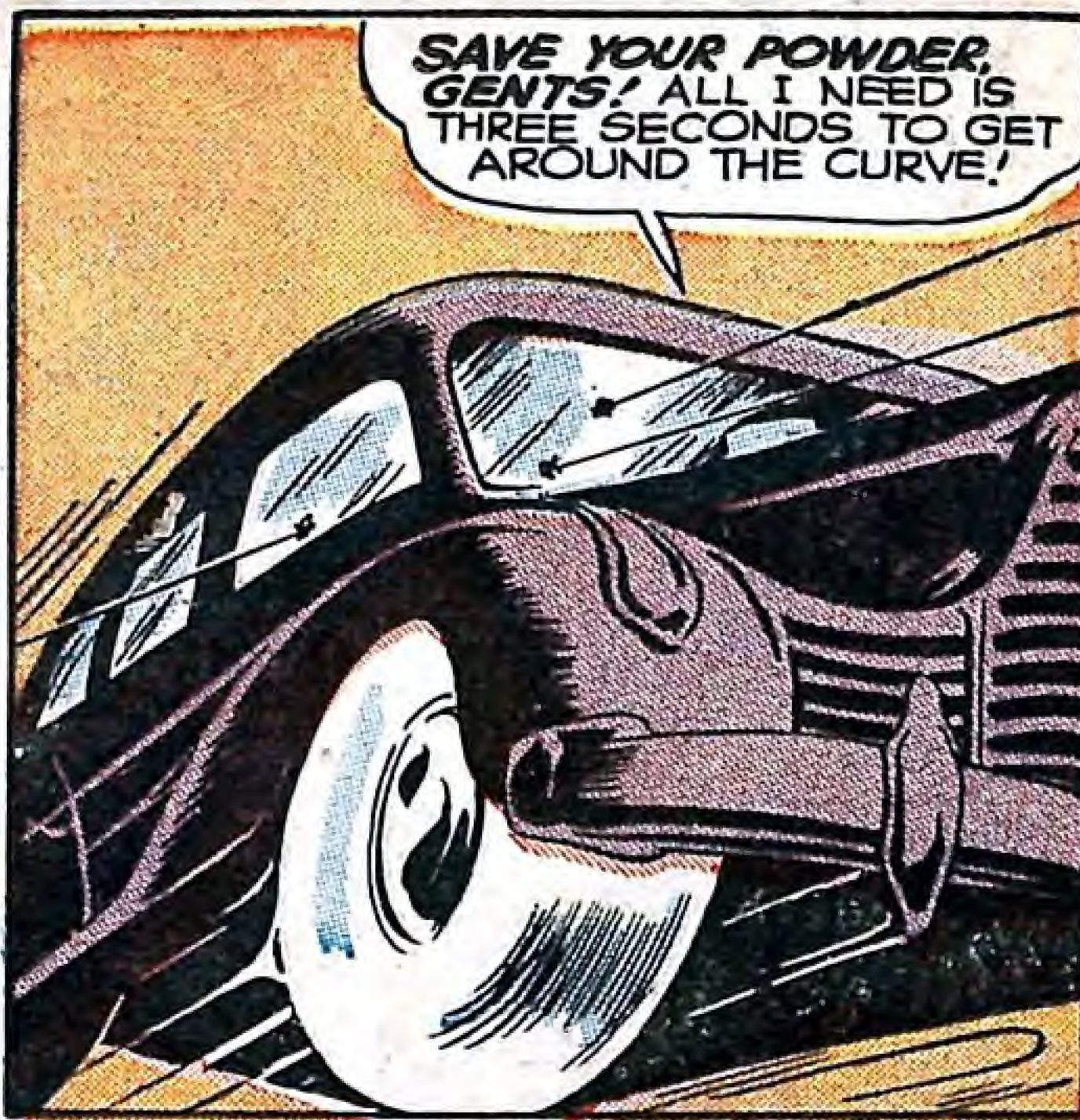


Yankee Boy



IT'S HUNK GRUBER MAKING A BREAK!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE REACHES THAT CAR!



SAVE YOUR POWDER, GENTS! ALL I NEED IS THREE SECONDS TO GET AROUND THE CURVE!



JEEPERS! THAT CAR IS DOIN' SEVENTY-- AND IT'S SHOT FULL OF BULLETHOLES!

ATTENTION ALL STATE, PRECINCT AND CRUISING CARS! BE ON LOOKOUT FOR HUNK GRUBER, DANGEROUS KILLER WHO ESCAPED FROM LAKEVIEW PRISON. APPROACH WITH CAUTION. GRUBER IS DRIVING A--



But at four o'clock in the city suburbs, Gruber is enjoying the first meal he's paid for in two years--

THE COPS ARE STILL HUNTIN' FOR KILLER GRUBER! HOW D'YUH S'POSE HE DUCKED 'EM?

HOW DO I KNOW, MAC? I NEVER HEARD OF THE GUY!



NOT BAD SO FAR! I'VE GAINED FORTY POUNDS SINCE I WAS MUGGED FOR THE ROGUES GALLERY. NOBODY'LL RECOGNIZE ME. NOT EVEN YANKEE BOY!

DINER



But Gruber has another guess coming!

THAT'S HIM! HE'S A LOT HEAVIER, BUT HE STILL WALKS PIGEON-TOED AND HIS FACE HASN'T CHANGED MUCH. HERE GOES!





YANKEE BOY--HEY! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

HUNK GRUBER JUST TURNED THE CORNER. COME ON AND GET THE DROP ON HIM WHEN I BRING HIM DOWN!



HOLD IT, HUNK! I HEAR YOU'RE PLAYING HOOKEY FROM THE HOOSEGOW!

WHA--! WHY YOU LITTLE RAT!



DROP THAT GUN, GRUBER!

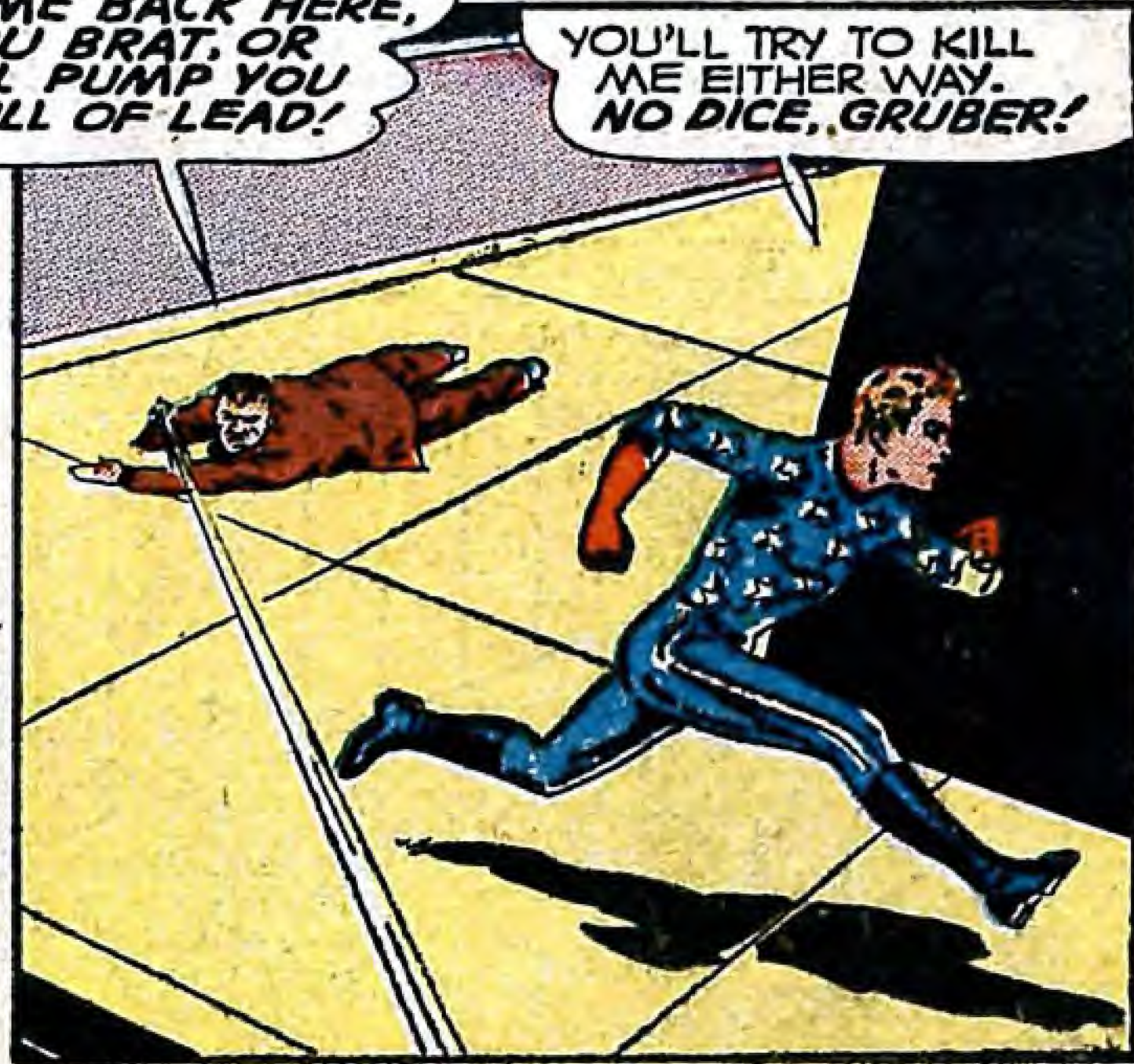
A FLATFOOT! TRY AND BEAT THIS!

Twisting as he falls, Gruber makes a fast draw.



SLUG HIM DOWN, YANKEE BOY! I-- I-- CAN'T HELP. HE GOT ME--

COME BACK HERE, YOU BRAT, OR I'LL PUMP YOU FULL OF LEAD!



YOU'LL TRY TO KILL ME EITHER WAY. NO DICE, GRUBER!



OFF ALL THE ROTTEN BREAKS! YANKEE BOY'S DUCKED AND I HAD TO KILL THE COP. IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH ON ME NOW!



Ten minutes later in a quiet neighborhood--

PSST! HEY, KID! YOU WANNA MAKE TEN BUCKS EASY?

YOU BET, MISTER? WHAT'S THE CATCH?



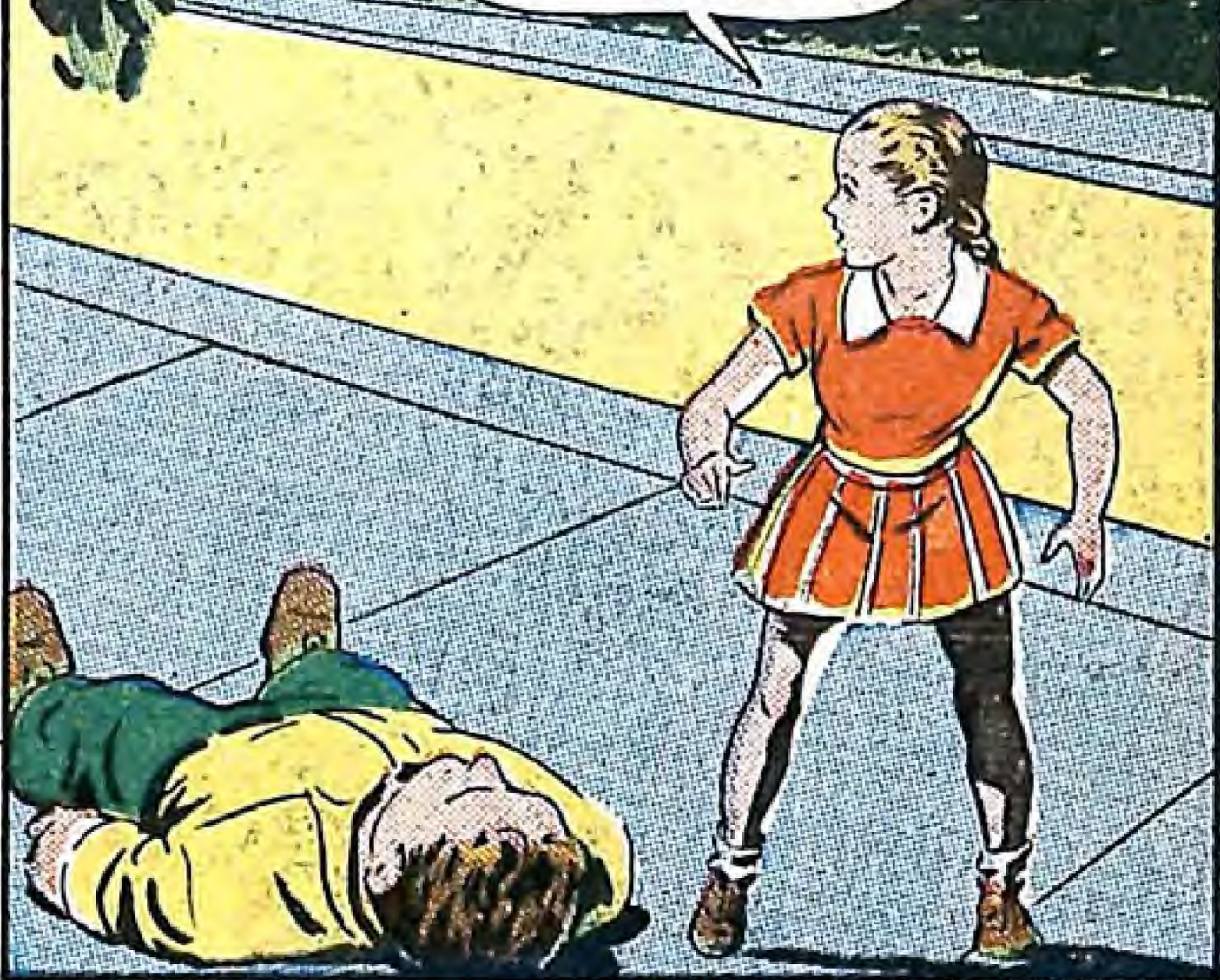
NO STRINGS ATTACHED, KID, IF YOU GOT A GOOD IDEA WHO YANKEE BOY REALLY IS AND WHERE HE LIVES.

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A COP-- SO I'LL TELL YUH. YANKEE BOY IS VIC MARTIN. LIVES FIFTH HOUSE IN ON NEXT STREET!

SORRY, KID! I AIN'T GOT TEN BUCKS, BUT THIS'LL KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT FOR A LONG TIME!



G-GOSH! THAT BIG MAN HIT NICKY AND RAN. NICKY ISN'T BREATHING. GUESS I SHOULD CALL THE POLICE B-BUT I'M AFRAID!



But Yankee Boy is only a block away--

YES, I'VE BEEN SHADOWING HIM SINCE HE SHOT OFFICER MAHONEY. YOU'D BETTER CLOSE IN FAST. I'LL TRY TO GRAB HIM, BUT HE'S OUT TO KILL ME.



HOLY SMOKE! MOTHER OPENED THE DOOR. IF GRUBER LAYS A FINGER ON HER I'LL--

YES, BUT VICTOR'S UPSTAIRS IN BED. YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE HIM TOMORROW.



YEAH? I'LL SEE HIM NOW, LADY! ER, HUH?

HEY, GRUBER! DON'T BE A DOPE!



WHY, YUH DIRTY LITTLE SNEAK! THIS TIME YUH DON'T GET AWAY!

HEAVENS! WHO'S HE SHOOTING AT?





NOW A SLUG THROUGH YOUR **HEAD** TO MAKE **SURE YOU'VE CROAKED!**



WHY THE LITTLE JERK!
NOTHING BUT **HIS SHIRT!**

POLICE CAR SIRENS! NOW WE'LL CORNER THE RAT!



SPREAD OUT BOYS! WE'LL SURROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, **MAC!**
GRUBER'S ARMED!



THANKS, **FLATTIE!**
I CAN USE YOUR **ARTILLERY!**



HEY, FELLAS! STOP HIM!

HE SLUGGED **MC CARTHY** AND IS GRABBING YOUR **PATROL CAR!**

CAN'T LOSE A **SECOND** NOW, BUT I'LL GET THAT **KID** LATER OR **DIE TRYING!**



YEAH, GO AHEAD, **YANKEE BOY.** IF YOU CAN RIDE THAT **BIKE,** **TRAIL HIM!**

KEEP PLUGGING FOR THE **REAR TIRES!**

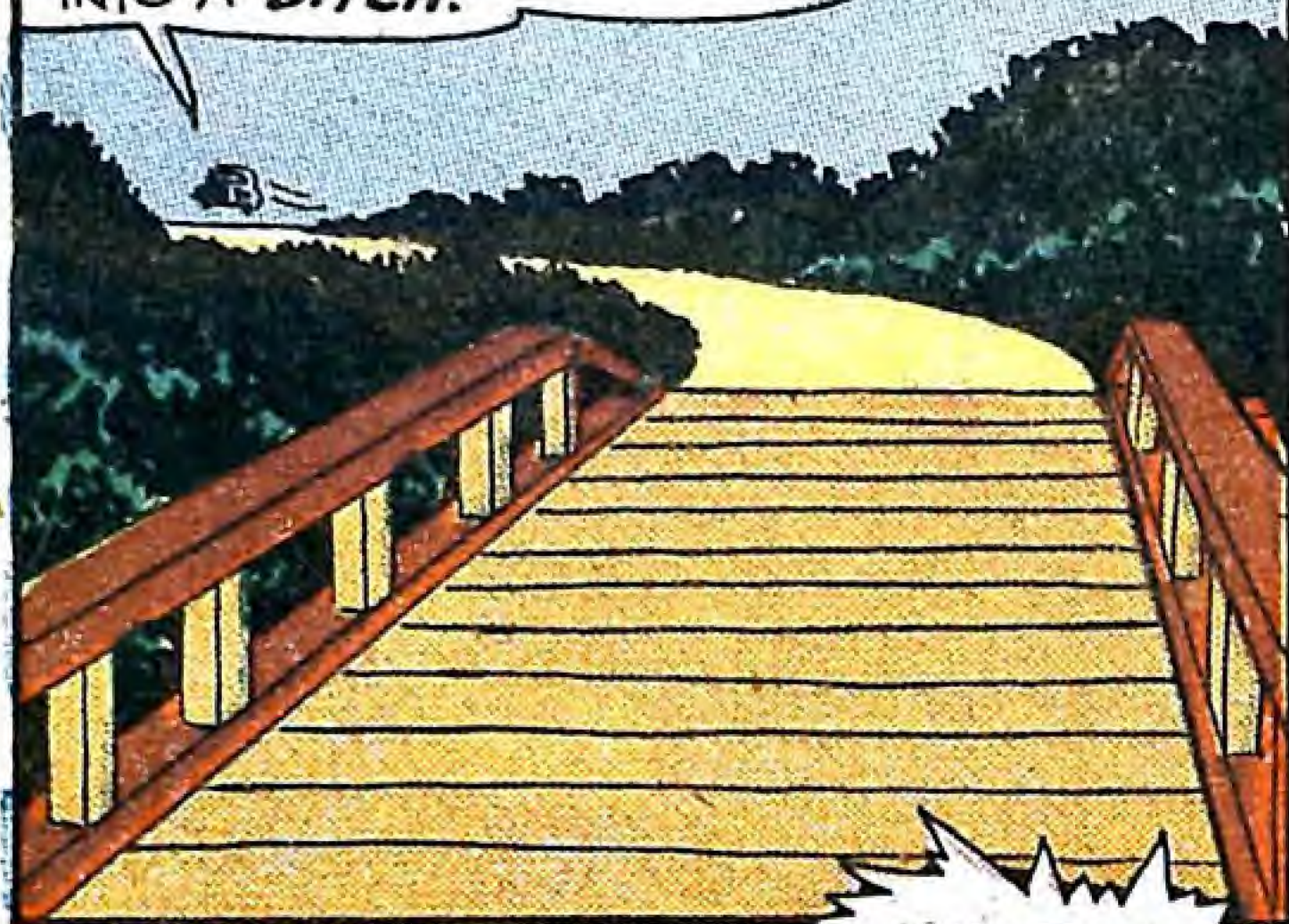


HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? TAKING MY BIKE!

COMMANDER, A **CAR** AND FOLLOW ME!

Racing out of the city limits, the roads become wet and slippery--

IT AIN'T A COP FOLLOWING ME. IT'S THAT CURSED KID. I'LL SLOW AND FORCE HIM INTO A DITCH!



I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH GRUBER. GOING RIGHT IN AFTER HIM TO MAKE SURE HE WON'T ESCAPE!



LAY THAT CHOPPER DOWN, HUNK, OR I'LL HOLD YOUR HEAD UNDER!



YOU'RE GOING 6 FEET UNDER DRY GROUND, KID!

SKIDDED! I'M A GONER IF THE RIVER IS DEEP!



A fast flip-over and Yankee Boy's heels score a bullseye!

I GUESS THIS SETTLES OUR ARGUMENT, GRUBER!



WHAT HAPPENED TO **YANKEE BOY**? I SAW HIM SWIMMING ASHORE WHEN WE GOT HERE!

NEVER MIND! WE'VE GOT TO GET GRUBER OUT. GRAB THIS ROPE, GRUBER, OR YOU'LL **DROWN!**



The next morning--

MY GOODNESS, VIC! YANKEE BOY AND THE POLICE CAUGHT THE MAN WHO CAME HERE LOOKING FOR YOU LAST NIGHT!

WHAT MAN, MOM? WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME UP SO I COULD HAVE **WATCHED** THE EXCITEMENT?



D HASTINGS N

Death suddenly came out of nowhere, claimed a thousand innocent souls. And before Dan Hastings, the super-guardian of the spaceways, could get to his ship, Death had marked him too, as he fought desperately against an enemy that wouldn't die!



On Taman, a small asteroid between Mars and Jupiter. Hok Sud, a master-criminal, confers with Frug, creator of scientific deviltry--

FRUG, THE NEW WEAPON IS **TERRIFIC!** WE CAN CONTROL ALL SPACEWAYS COMMERCE NOW!

WE'LL HAVE THE RACKET TO END ALL RACKETS. OF COURSE, THERE'S **DAN HASTINGS** TO CONSIDER!



I'LL WORRY ABOUT **HASTINGS** WHEN I COME TO HIM-- **THERE THEY GO!**



AND THAT SQUAD WILL ELIMINATE **HASTINGS'** ENTIRE AMERICAN SPACE PATROL IN **ONE ATTACK!**

Little does Dan Hastings suspect the danger impending, as off duty, he visits with the Carters--

SO YOU'VE EARNED YOUR WINGS, BOB!

THAT'S WHY WE'RE CELEBRATING AT **THE TOWERS**, DAN! THE HIGHEST ROOF TOP IN NEW YORK!



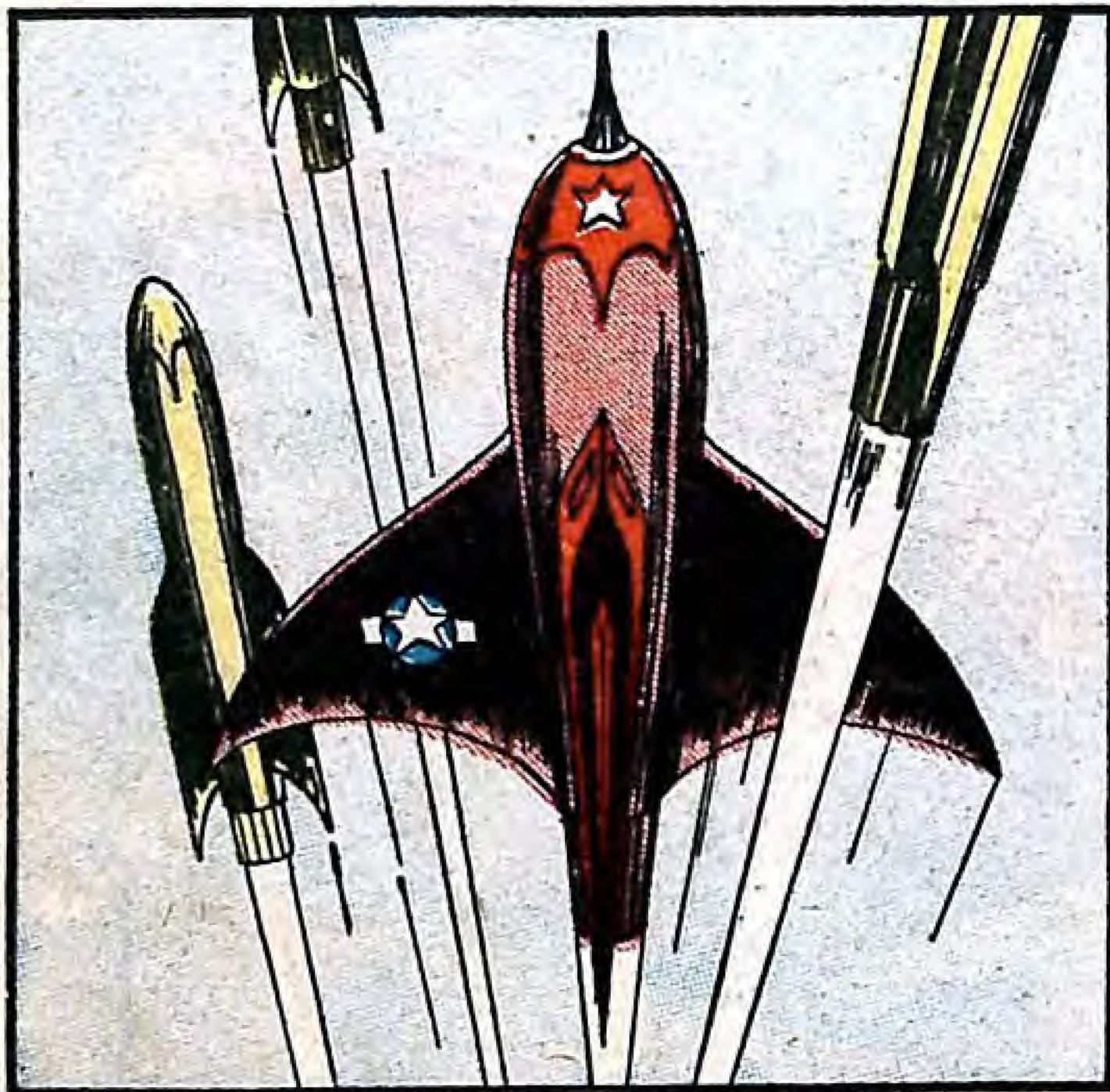
SOME DAY, BOB, WE'LL BE FLYING OUR SHIPS OUT AS FAR AS SATURN!

BUT WITH SATURN STILL NOTHING BUT A GASEOUS MASS DAN, YOU WON'T STOP FOR A PICNIC LUNCH, I FEAR!



FLASH! WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO TELL YOU THAT MARS REPORTS A HUGE ARMADA OF ARMED SPACE SHIPS HEADING FOR EARTH. ALL MEMBERS OF SPACEWAYS POLICE WILL REPORT AT ONCE--

THAT MEANS **US**, BOB!



THERE THEY ARE, BUT I DON'T **RECOGNIZE** THEM!

ENEMY SIGHTED! GET READY FOR ATTACK!



THEY'VE STARTED IT! LET 'EM **HAVE IT!**

GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!



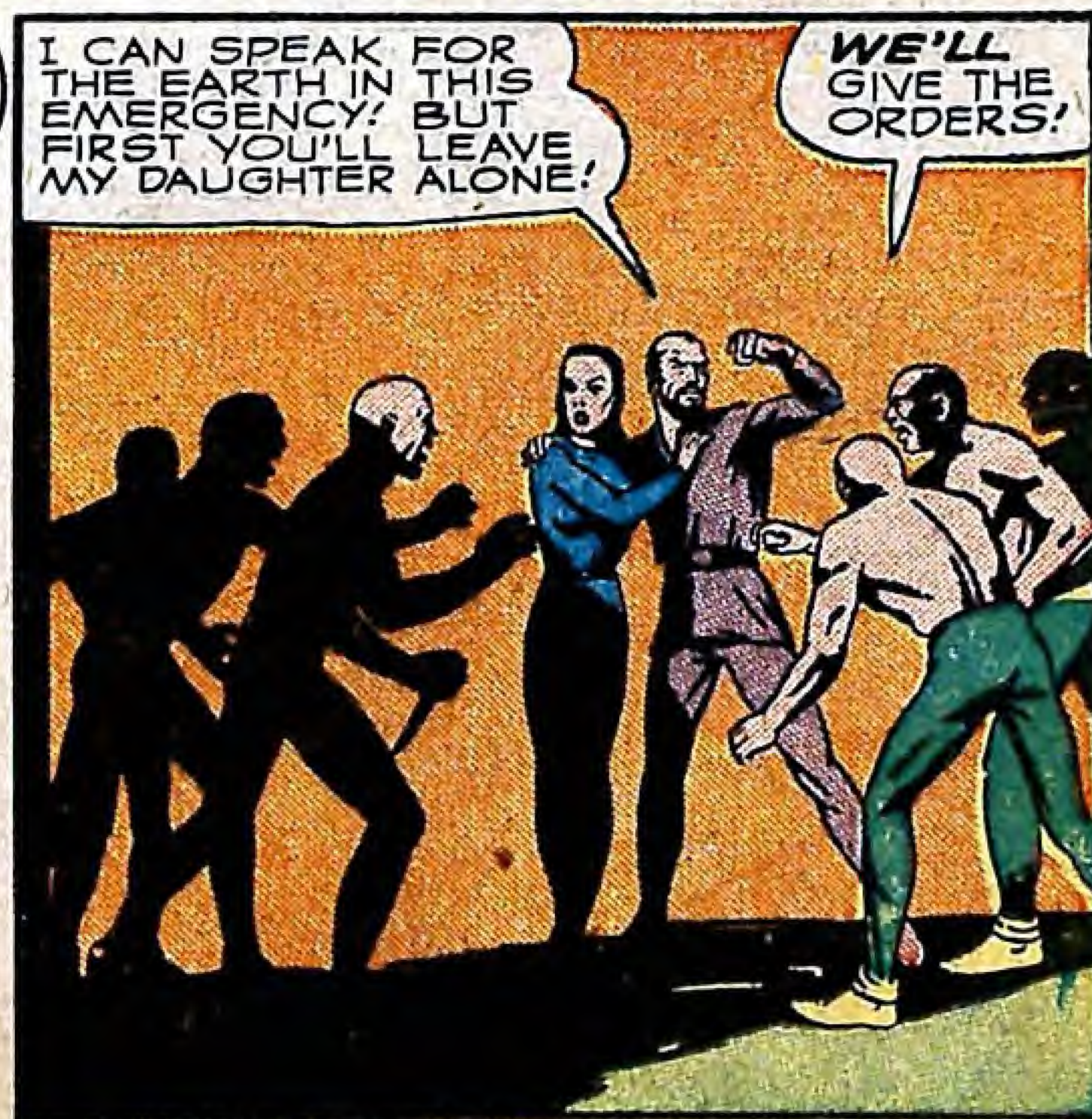
NICE GOING! WE'LL HAVE 'EM ON THE RUN IN A FEW MINUTES!

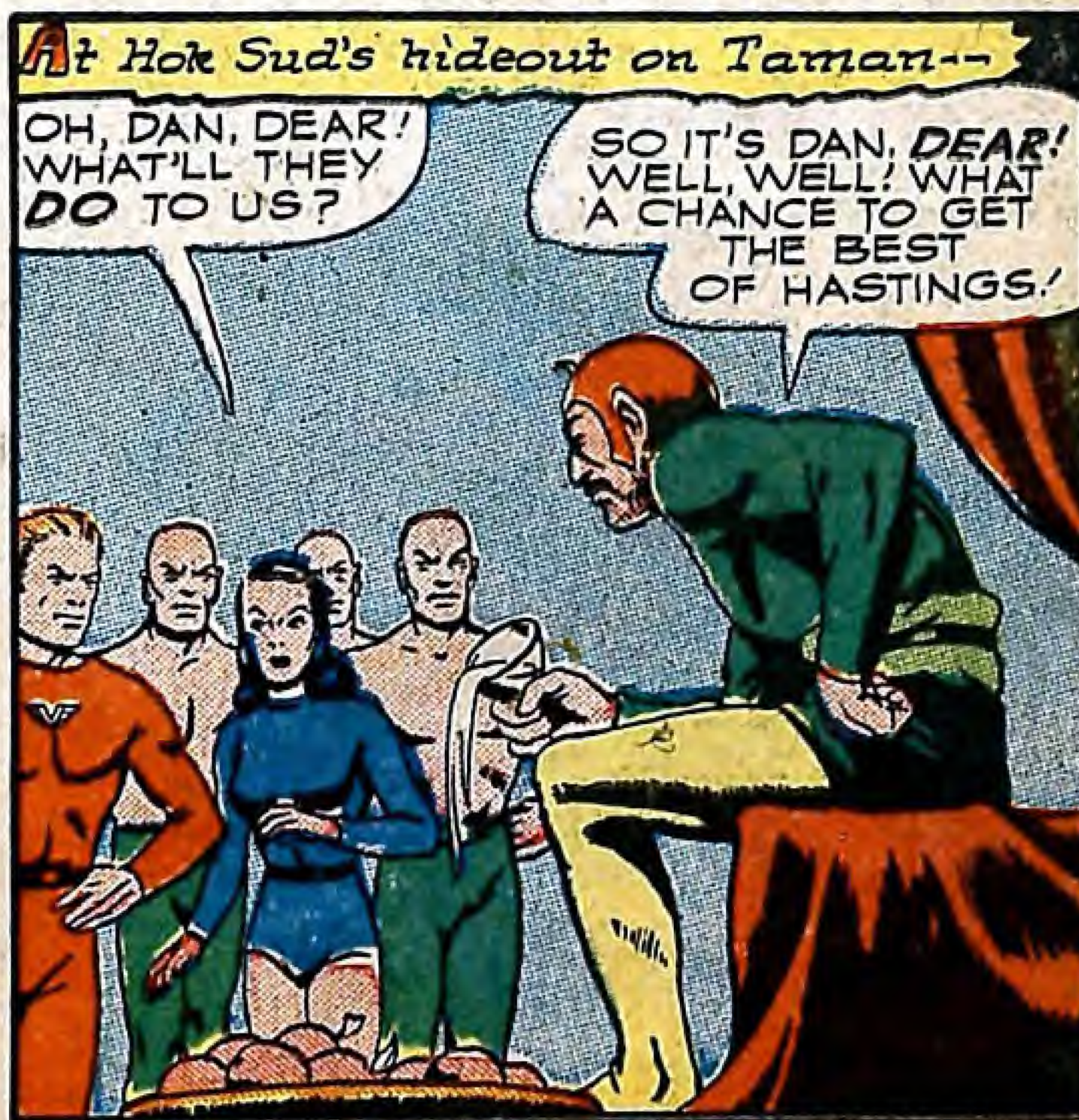
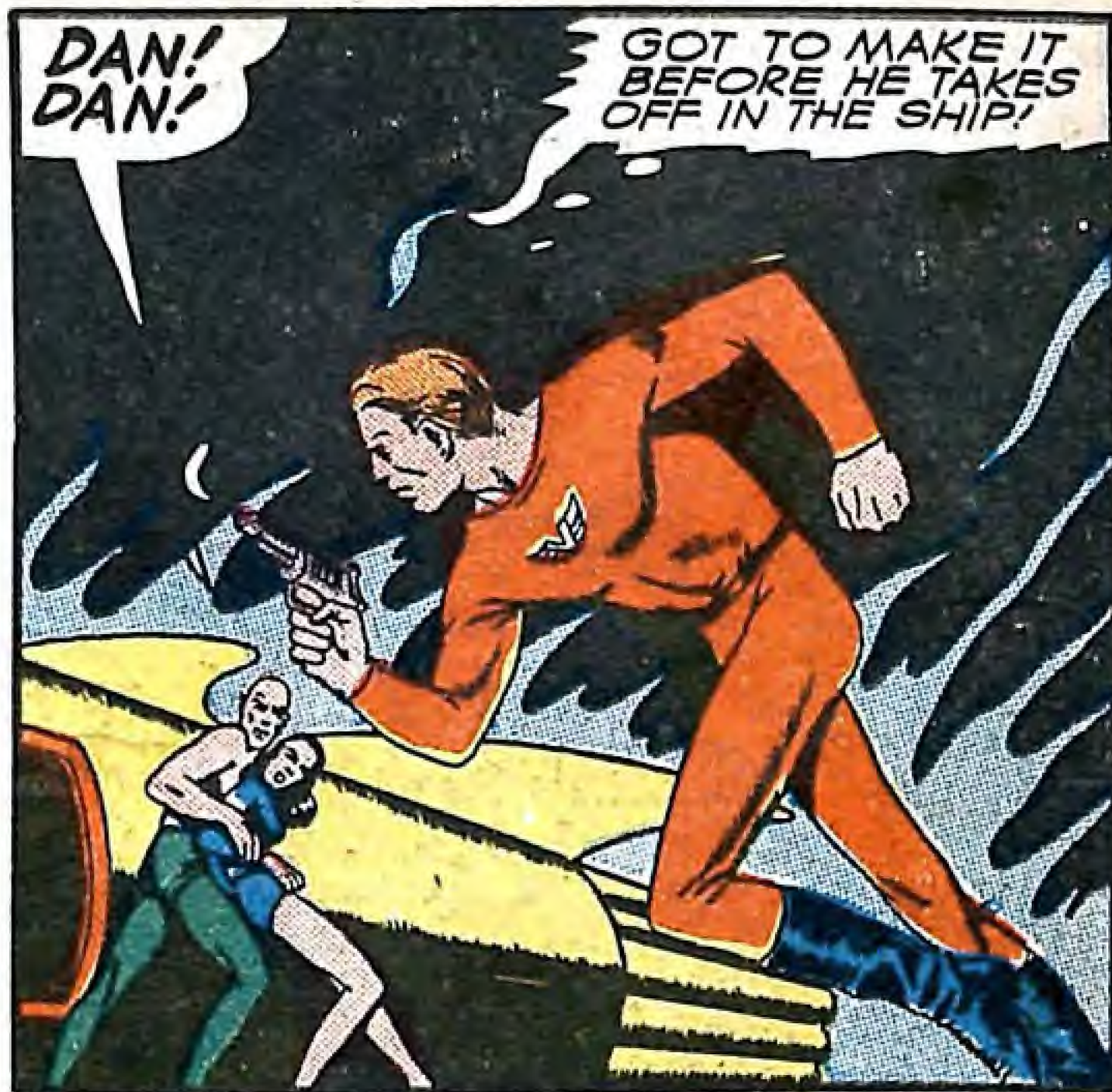


THEY'RE **DIVING!**

GIVE ORDERS TO FOLLOW 'EM UP!











COVER-UP FOR MURDER

DETECTIVE DOYLE'S TRADE WAS TRICKY

As Detective Steve Doyle walked past the Golden Arrow, a third rate bar and grill, he heard the thudding and shouting of a brawl going on and he went inside. A guy about twenty-five was pummeling a drunk who was too far gone to fight back.

Doyle pulled the one pounding the drunk away and the crowd fell back in silence. The drunk, now free mumbled to himself and half fell over a booth where he sank into a stupor.

To the other member of the scrap Doyle said, "What's the idea of brawling?"

"The drunk accused me of filching his pockets," the man said.

No one else in the bar could give any more logical reason for the fight.

"Who are you?" Doyle asked. "Where do you live?"

"I'm Charles Overman," the other replied, "and I live at The Feather on Westcott Street."

The detective had no illusions about Overman. He wanted to tail him. The name he had given had a familiar sound to Doyle, but he could not remember where he had heard it. Overman went straight to The Feather, a cheap hotel in the center of the city. Doyle waited, pondering, for one hour. Overman did not reappear.

Then in a flash it came to Doyle that a Charles Overman was a small time crook. A year before he had broken away from a cop who was arresting him for robbery. The cop chasing Overman had run into the path of a car and had been killed. Overman had been neither finger-printed nor mugged and was still wanted.

Doyle entered The Feather and approached a shabby clerk at the shabby desk. Another man stood nearby as Doyle came up.

"My name is Max Mendel," the man said, interrupting Doyle. "Overman works for me. He's in his room now. I'll take you up there."

Mendel led the way out of the elevator and as they went down the hall the odor of escaping gas reached them.

"Call headquarters," Doyle said, "and tell them to rush an oxygen pump!"

Mendel went back to the elevator and Doyle entered a small bedroom. A gas burner with its jets open full stood in the corner of the room. Doyle turned off the gas and opened the small window.

Overman was prone on the bed. Doyle

shoved the bed toward the window and began artificial respiration. As he lifted the man's arms upward, Doyle paused and frowned, looking at the wrists. But he began the slow rhythm of forcing Overman to breathe artificially.

Mendel returned. "They'll be right over," he said.

A gasp came from the direction of the bed. Doyle kept moving the regular strokes of artificial respiration. "Looks like we'll bring him out of it," he said.

Mendel started and walked toward the bed. As he approached, Doyle turned quickly and saw Mendel's hand raised and clutching a knife. Doyle twisted the other's wrist and sent the knife to the floor. Mendel cried out as he went hard against the plaster.

Steve Doyle drew his gun, but Mendel's automatic blasted first. Doyle had sensed the danger and had ducked. The bullet went into the wall. Doyle fired, but as he did so Mendel fired a second shot that struck the barrel of Doyle's gun and spoiled the aim. Mendel shot again and a slug went through the loose fabric of Doyle's coat and grazed the flesh. Doyle dove forward as if hit and crashed against Mendel's body. Mendel groaned. Doyle hauled him to his feet and crashed a right to Mendel's jaw. Mendel, dazed, sank slowly to the floor.

Mendel cried, "Don't! I'll talk!"

Doyle said, "YOU'RE really Overman! You tried to make this guy look like a suicide by tying him to the bed. Then you'd have a clean bill of health under the name Mendel. I saw the ROPE BURNS on the guy's wrists."

"His name is Jago. He took racing bets for me and he knew my real name—Overman," said Mendel. "When he told me he'd used the name Overman at the bar I saw a chance to get in the clear. Now for Pete's sake go bring Jago to! The cop died by accident, so I don't want to face any murder rap! I've told you everything!"

Doyle laughed grimly. "Jago was dead when I came into the room. I made that sound and you thought it was Overman — Jago. You thought he'd squeal and you showed your hand."

Mendel looked hatefully at Doyle. "You used duress," he said. "You threatened to string me up!"

"I'm still going to," Doyle answered. "I'm going to string up your hands and feet till I get you to headquarters!"



COULD MR. "E" UNMASK THE FIENDISH INSPIRATION BEHIND A RISING TOLL OF TERRORISM, MURDER, AND BLOODY ASSAULT? HE KNEW HE WAS PLUNGING INTO A SUICIDAL ASSIGNMENT WHEN HE TACKLED THE CASE--BUT HE WASN'T AFRAID TO DIE IF HIS SACRIFICE WOULD SPARE HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT LIVES FROM THE TREACHEROUS PERIL!



THAT STUPID COP CAN'T STOP ME! I'LL SHOW HIM HOW GOOD I CAN SHOOT!



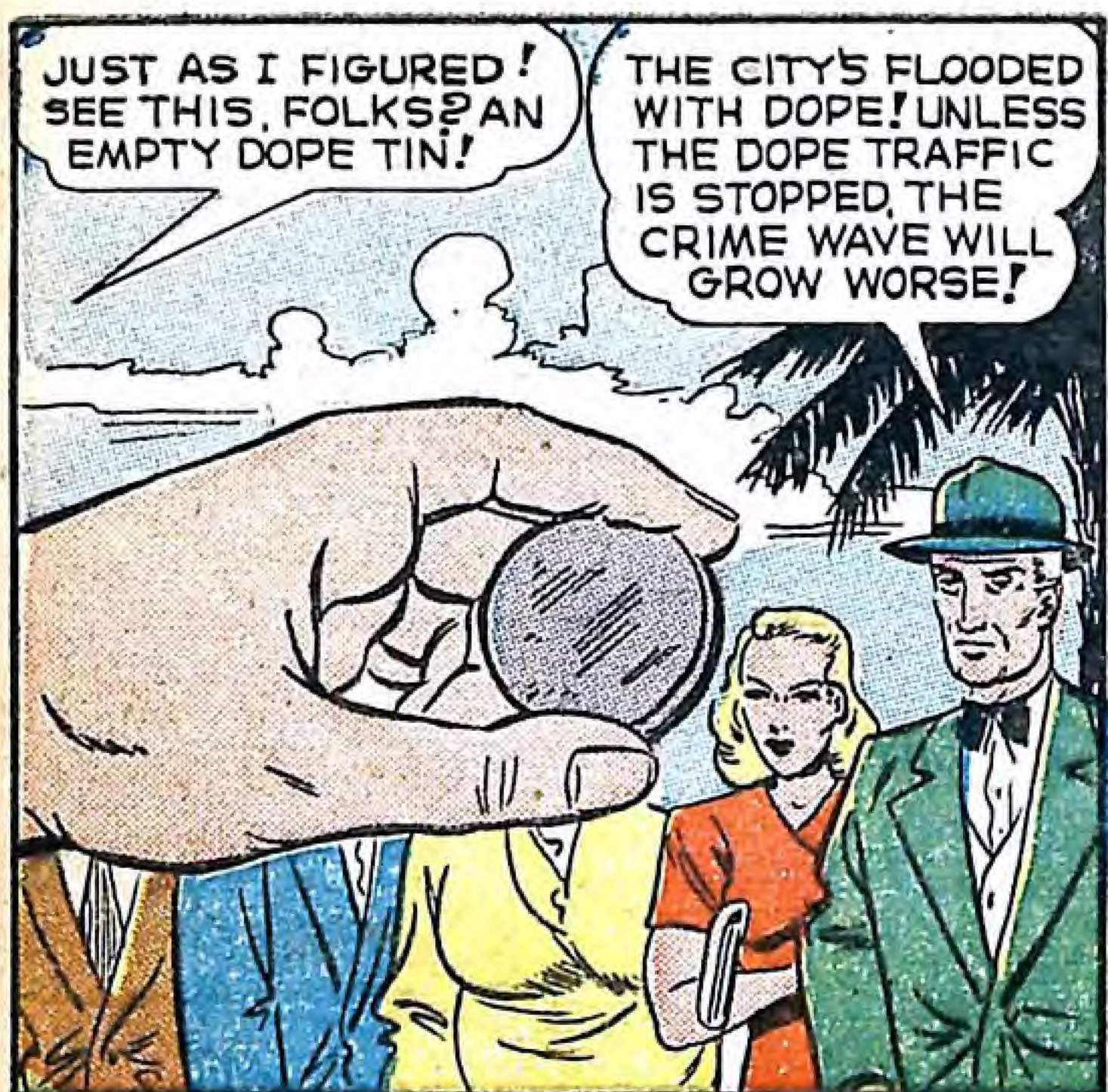
OOW! MY BACK--AH! SOMETHIN' HIT ME!

STAY BACK, FOLKS! MAYBE HE'S JUST WOUNDED!

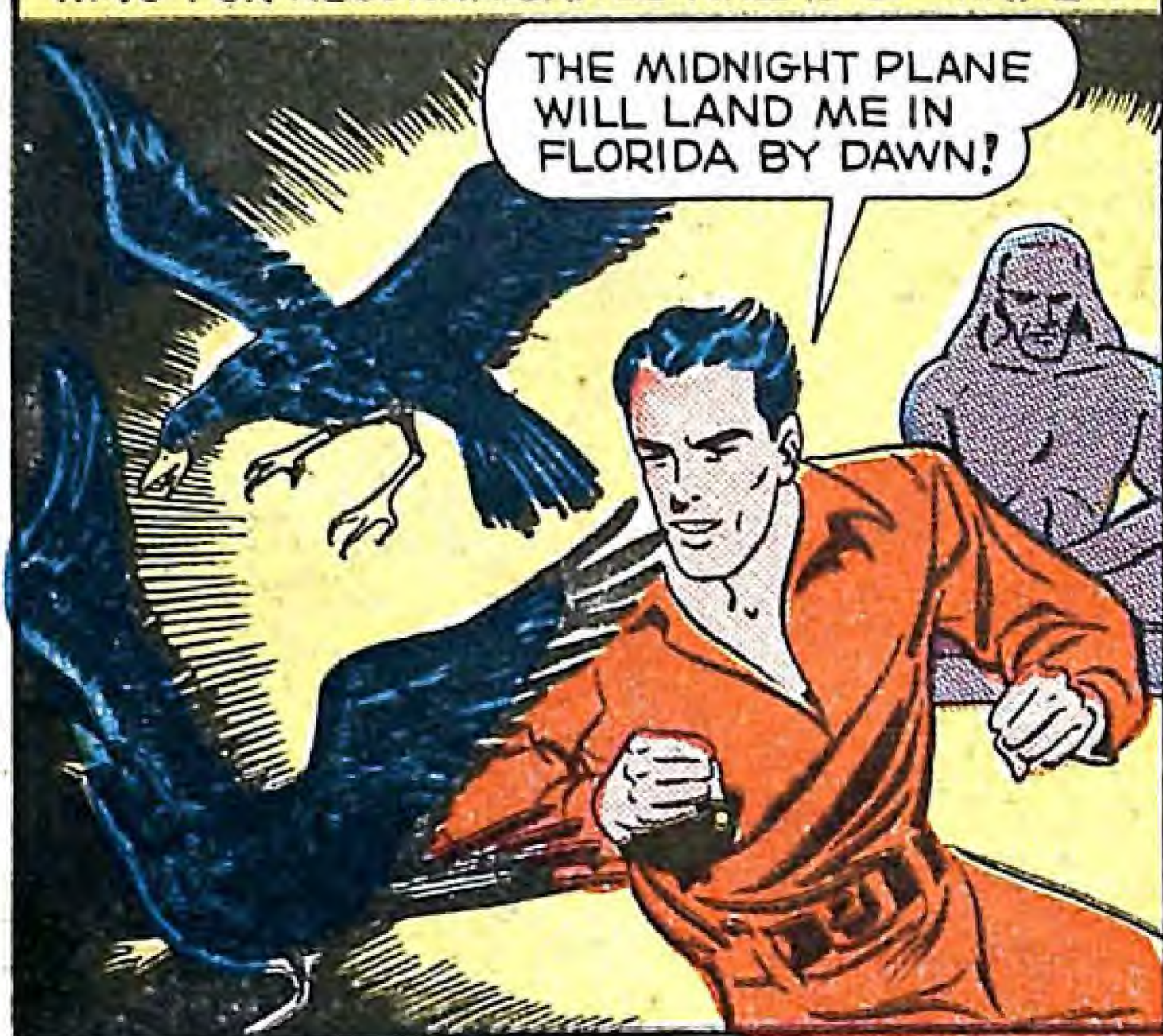


HE MUST HAVE BEEN DESPERATE FOR MONEY!....I HAD ONLY THREE DOLLARS IN MY PURSE!

DEAD!... BUT MAYBE THERE'S A CLUE ON HIM!



KING KOLAH'S MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE TAKE WING FOR RECONNAISSANCE AHEAD OF MR. "E"!

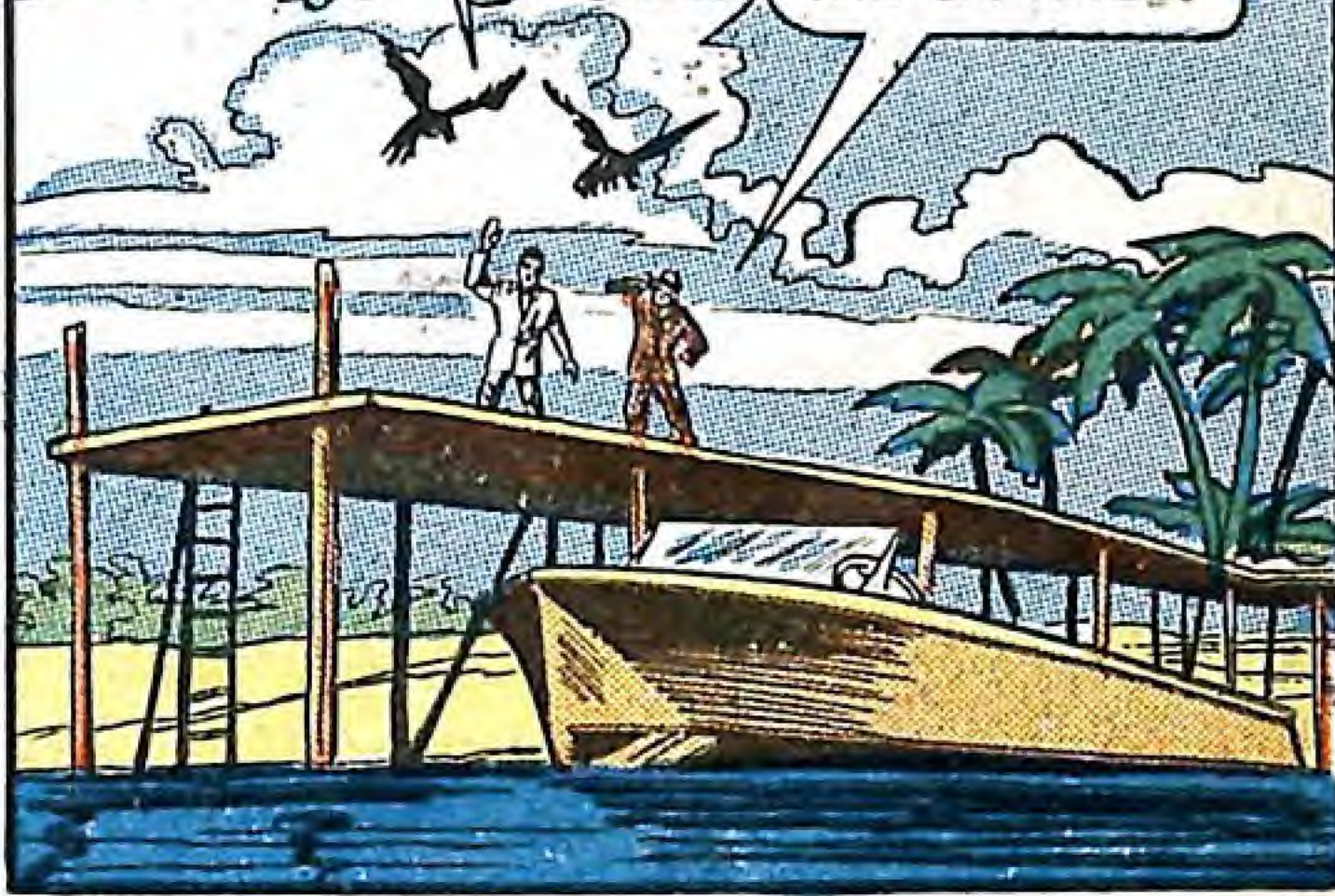


THE MIDNIGHT PLANE WILL LAND ME IN FLORIDA BY DAWN!

AT DAYBREAK IN THE EVERGLADES SWAMP--

WHAT'S EATIN' THOSE CRAZY CROWS, NICK?

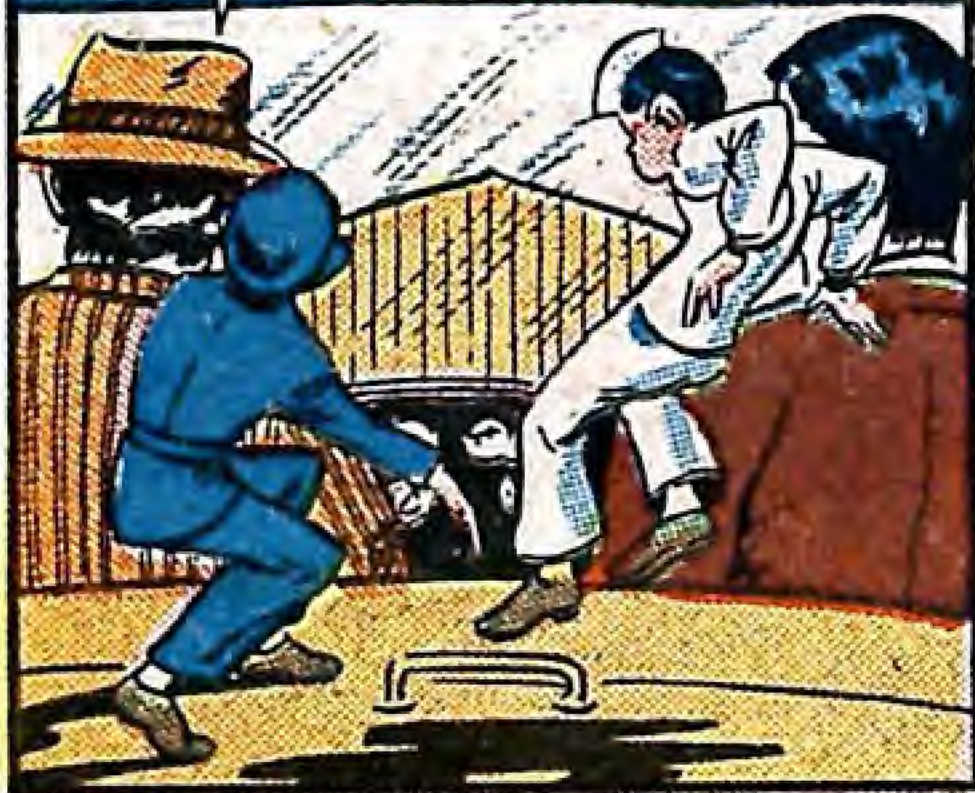
THEY'LL BE PICKIN' YOUR BONES, SNAKE, IF WE DON'T MAKE THE PICKUP BEFORE THE REVENUE BOAT CROSSES THE CHANNEL!



IN A TWINKLING, THE MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE CHANGE FROM RAVENS TO TINY MEN...

THE CLIPPER FROM PORTUGAL WILL FLY OVER IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!

I HOPE THE STEWARD SMUGGLED THE PACKAGE ABOARD FOR US!



IF ONE OF 'EM TURNS, WE'LL BE SPOTTED! LET'S DUCK UNDER THE ENGINE HATCH!

OKEDOKE! WE'LL GET THE LOW-DOWN FOR MR. "E"!



HE THREW IT OUT FOR US-- LET'S GRAB IT, NICK!



HEY! WHAT TH'?' HOW DID THOSE CROWS FOLLOW US?

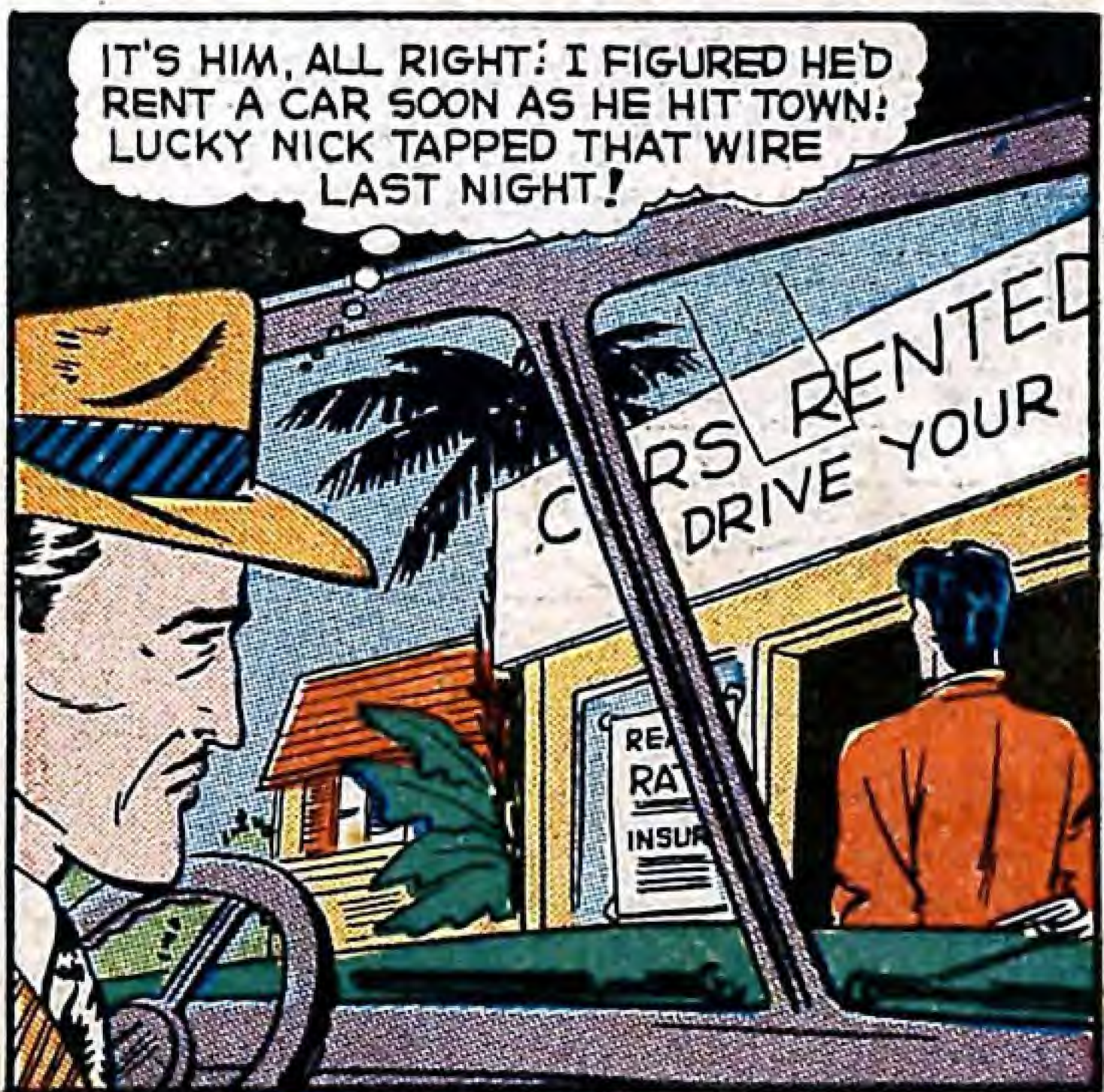
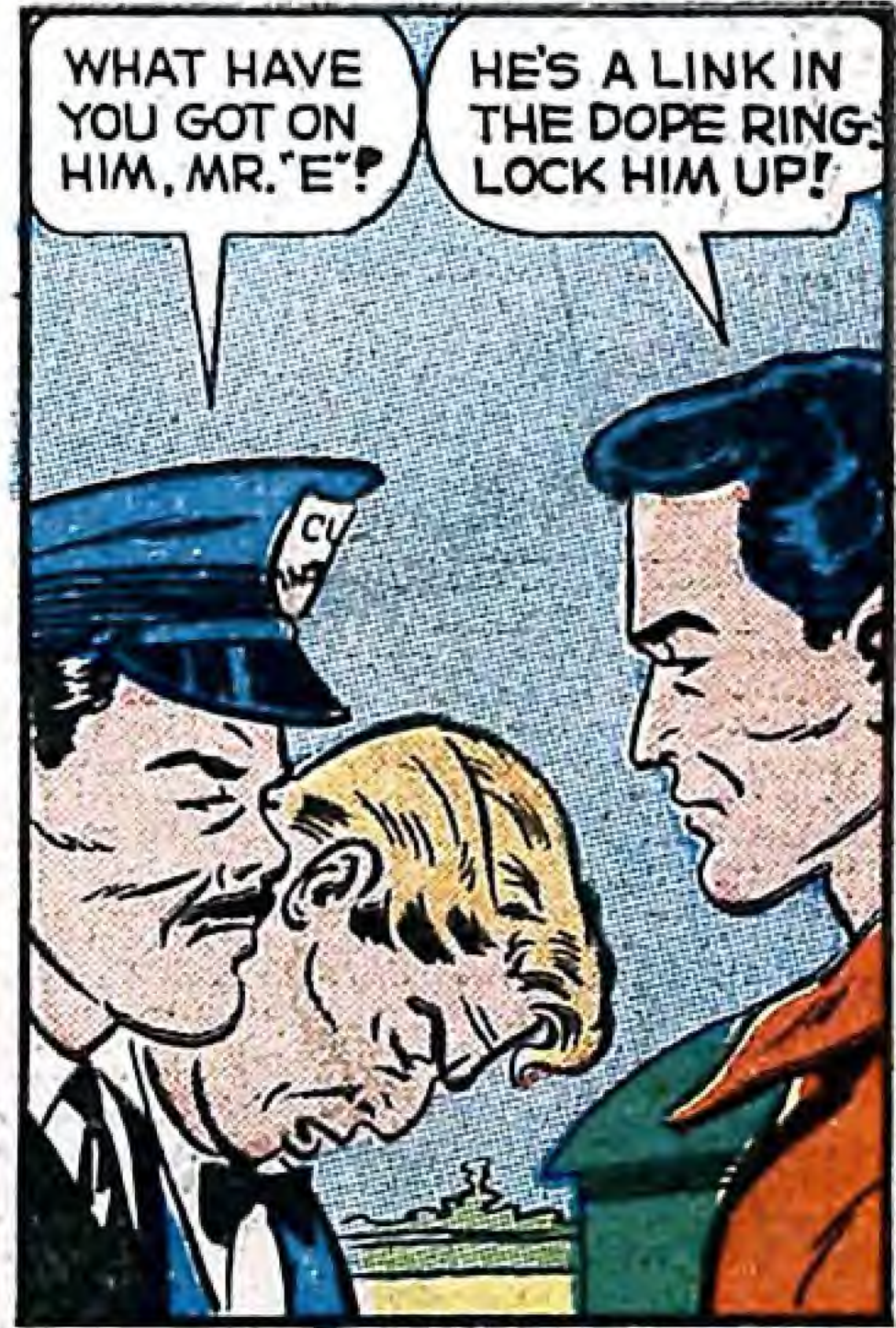
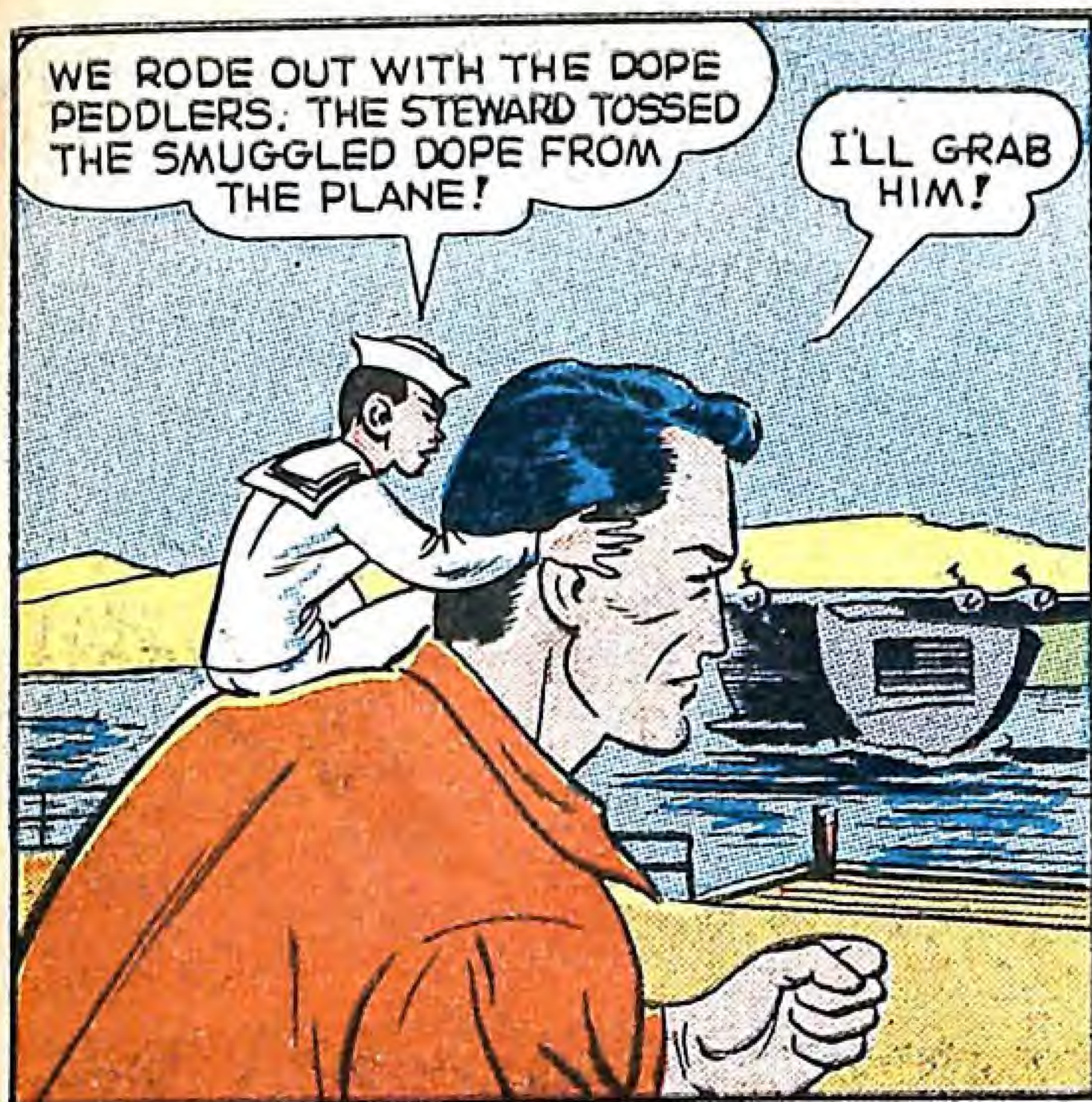
BY FLAPPIN' THEIR WINGS, SNAKE! HERE, TAKE THE CAN!



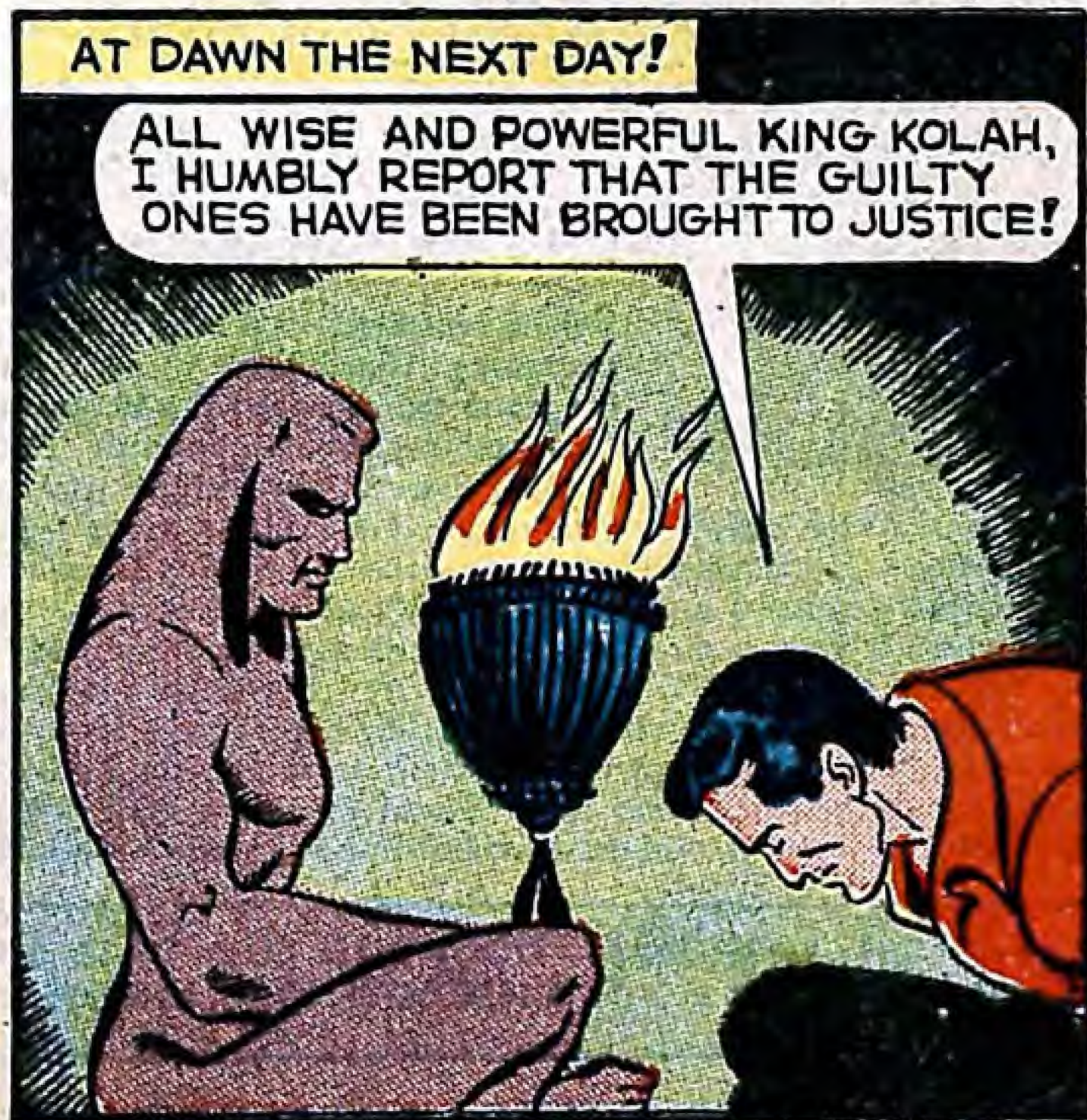
YES, MR. "E"-- THAT'S THE CLIPPER FROM LISBON LANDING IN THE LAGOON!

GOOD -- I'M GOING OVER THERE FOR A LOOK!



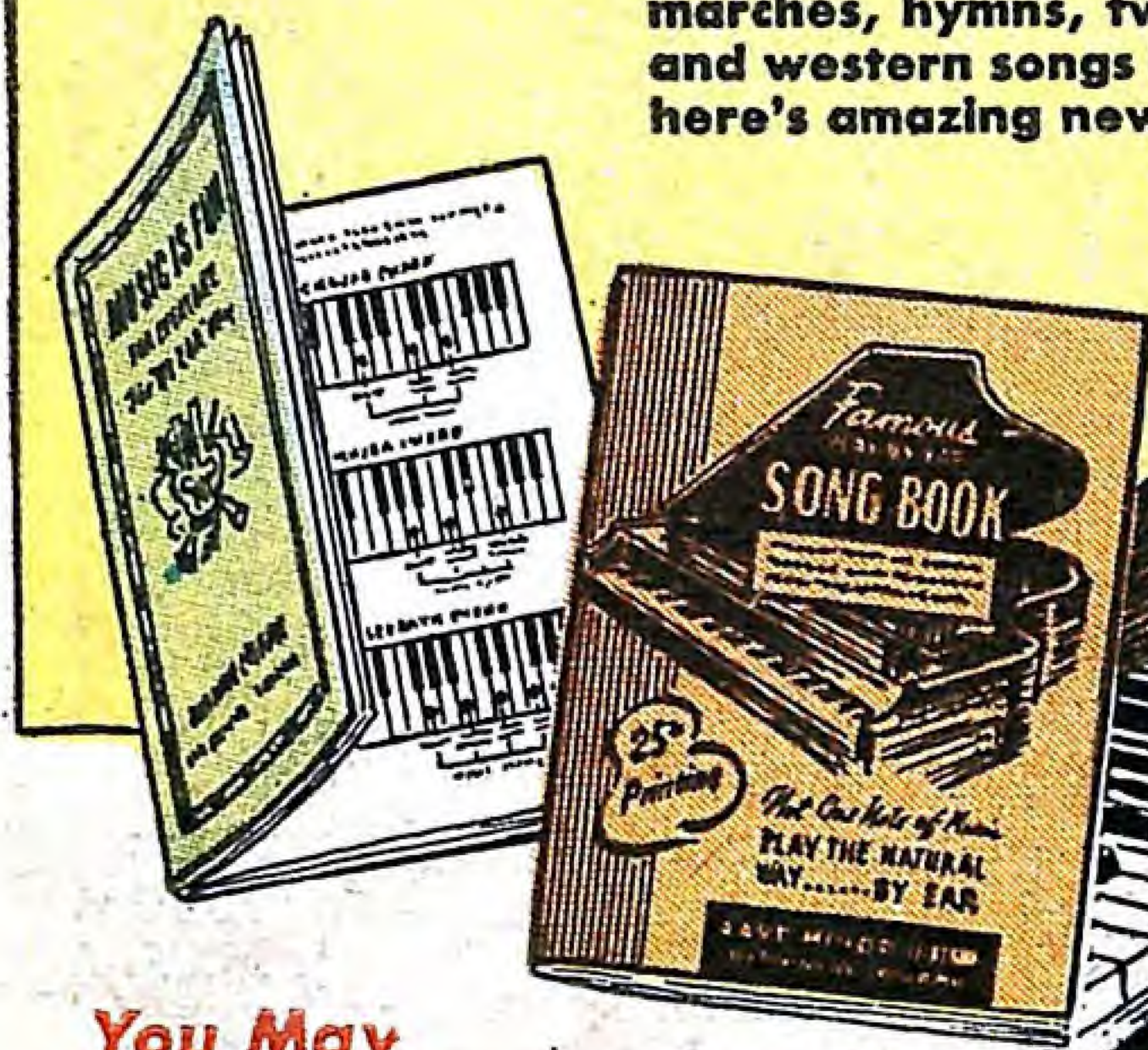






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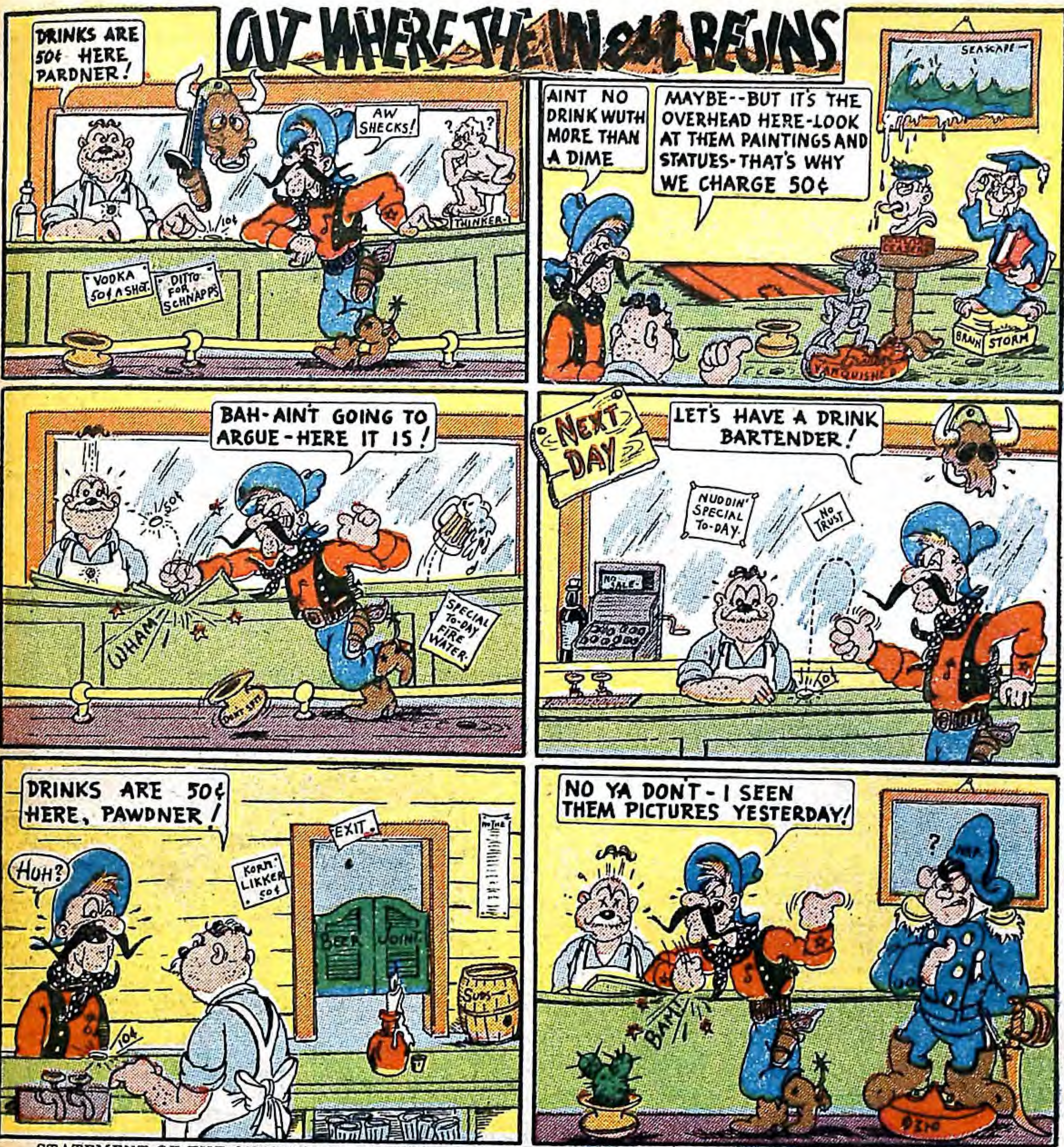
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State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Harry A. Chesler, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Harry "A" Chesler, Jr. Publications, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Harry A. Chesler, Jr., 50 Main Street, Succasunna, N. J.; Editor, Will Harr, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Harry A. Chesler, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owners are: Harry "A" Chesler, Jr. Publications, Inc., 50 Main Street, Succasunna, N. J.; Harry "A" Chesler, Jr., Succasunna, N. J.; Harry "A" Chesler, Succasunna, N. J.; Betty Chesler, Succasunna, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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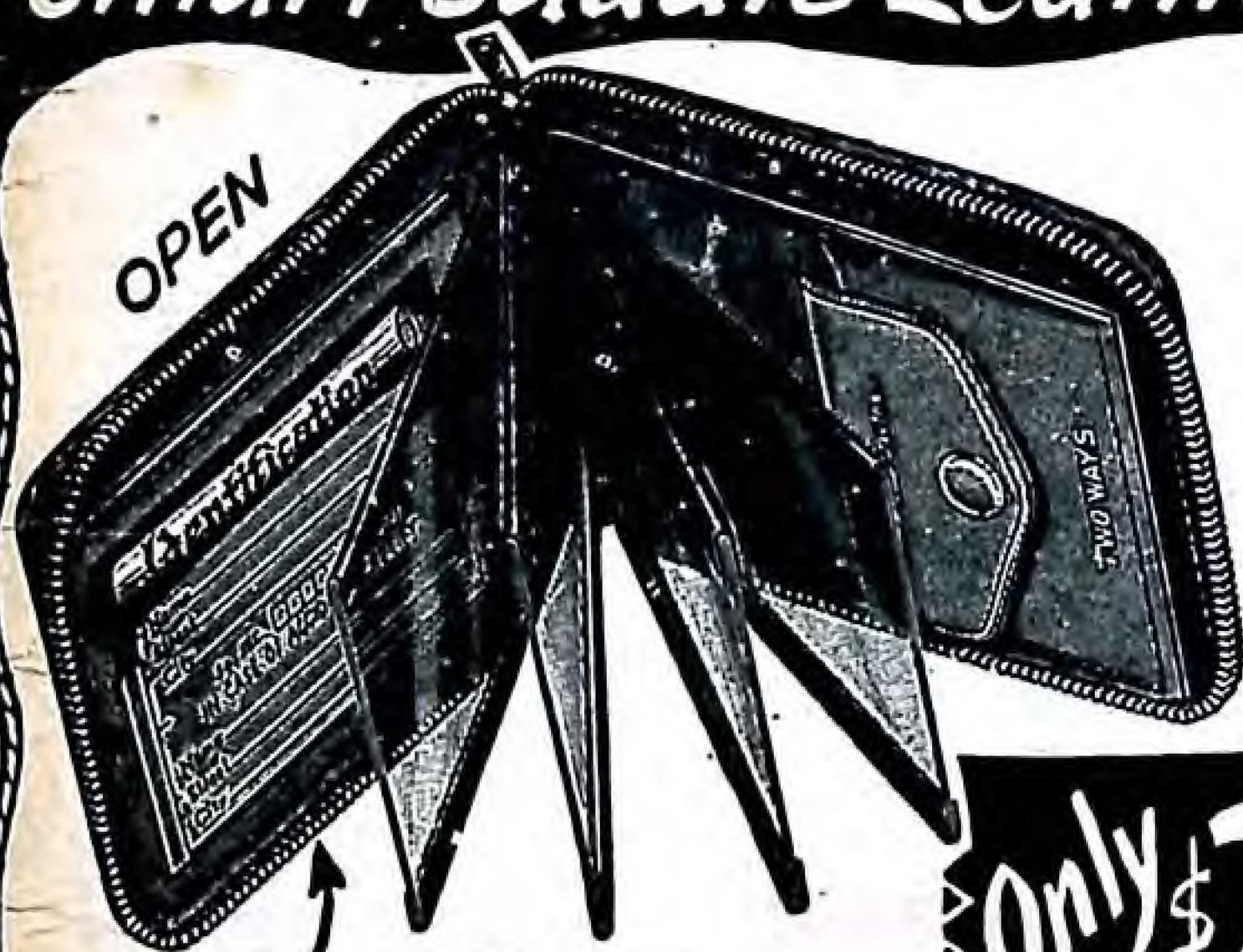
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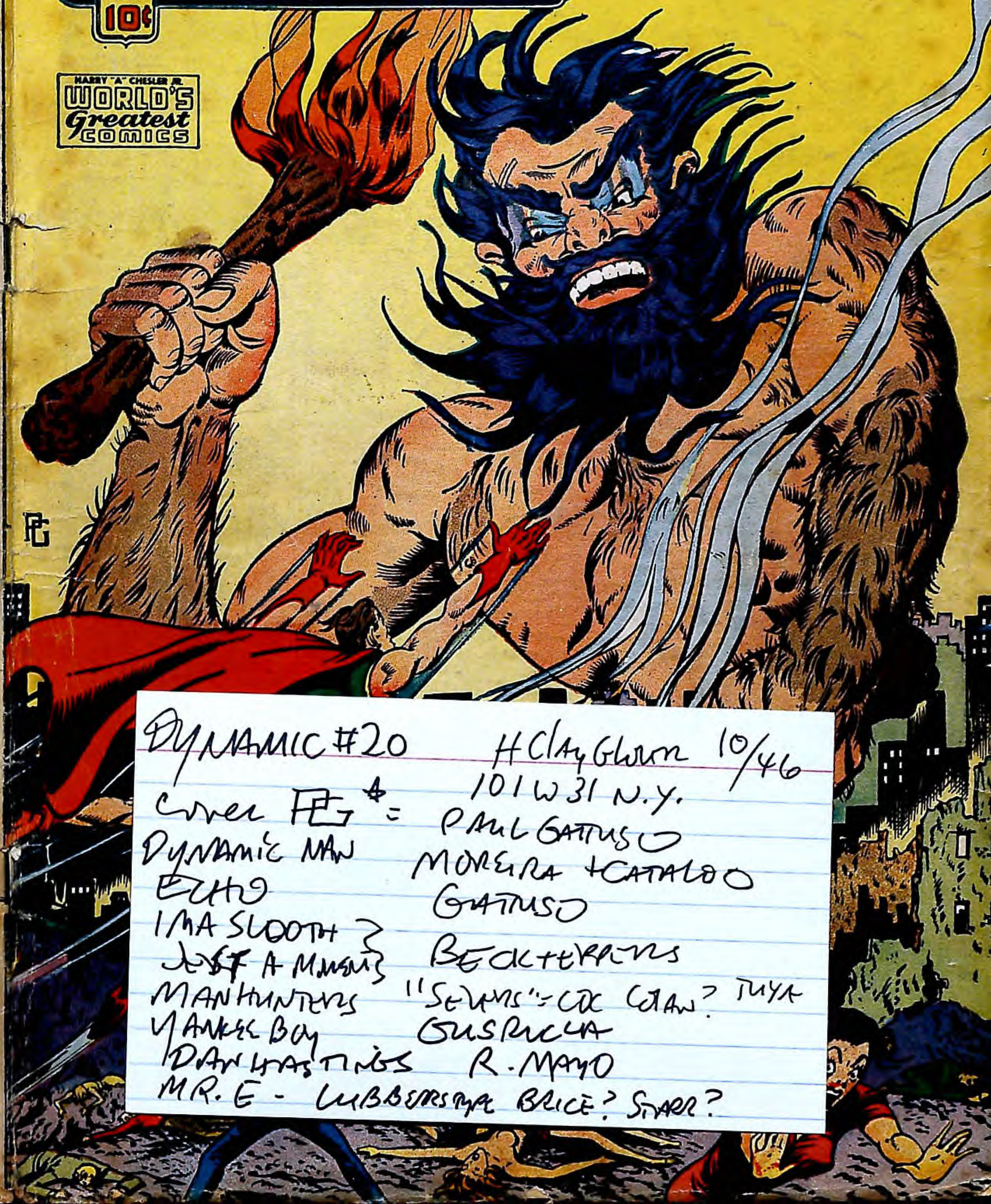


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